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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Easter does not bring the industrial peace we had hoped for. There would have been quite a great harmony in the coincidence of the return to peace and goodwill between coal-miners, coal-masters and public with the great Christian festival. Easter is white-marked of itself, but the Black Country will hardly see it so this year. Not that there is no relief against this dark. The miners have decided against going back to work by over 40,000, but that does not make a two-thirds majority; so technically the strike is off; assuming the Federation to-day supports the executive's recommendation to work. Mr. Ashton, the secretary, says this means an honourable peace and that the men will return to work. This is easier to hope for than believe. Many have, and more will; enough perhaps to ease the situation sensibly; but not enough to end the strike in fact as well as in form.

Naturally everyone is remarking on the paradox, apparent at any rate, of the bellicose fiery Welshmen being all for peace and the steady north-Englishmen and the calculating Scots being all for war. It is not so strange as it appears. Those who are slow to begin are slow to end. The quick-mettled Welshman rushed into the thing; now he would rush out. The dour Yorkshireman looked askance at the strike, but, once in, he is for seeing the quarrel through. Another explanation is given by one of the Welshmen's leaders. They calculated, he says, on the English miners voting for return to work almost to a man; and, wishing to avoid isolation, advised the Welsh miners to do the same. This leader, in common with the Labour leaders generally, was as much astray here as in everything else.

Few in London, save the very poor, have yet felt the strike very painfully. Bread is dearer; but eggs and milk, dear since the drought of last summer, are cheaper now than before the strike. So far the distress has not been great except in areas directly affected, the mild weather having made the dearth of fuel rather an inconvenience than a terror. But the position in affected areas is rapidly becoming desperate. The condition of the Pottery towns is especially miserable, as none of the workmen involved has any interest of his own in the miners' grievances.

We have had acute Chancellors of the Exchequer and we may have had them emotional, but it was left to this Government to give us a perfect sample of the two in one. Mr. Lloyd George, everybody allows, is both. Nobody ever questioned his emotion—he is compact of it: nobody ever questioned his 'cuteness—he is equally compact of that. He is the sentimental solicitor complete. But in his latest Budget speech he suppressed the sentimental almost entirely and went in for the arts of the knowing attorney. What is really behind the sinister looking device of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in laying hold of the surplus of six and a half millions and putting it to the credit of the House of Commons? Mr. Masterman, his confidential clerk in the matter, gave a solemn assurance that not a farthing of this money "could or would be touched without the authority of Parliament"; in other words without the leave of the Liberal party.

It is an assurance agreeable no doubt to the Liberal party; for it must be pleasant for them to feel that if they get into a fresh mess within the next year, they will at least have a very handsome balance at the bank which can be drawn upon in an emergency. Might not a portion of it even be devoted to the purchase of soup or "refreshing fruit" for the electors, should the popularity of the Government continue to wane or a dissolution come within view? Is anyone so beautifully simple as to believe for a moment that Mr. Lloyd George, the master electioneer of the day, is holding the great sum over from the purely patriotic motive that we may suddenly want it for national defence?

The old style of Budget speech was, it must be said, sometimes the reverse of bright. The jokes about beer and cocoa, repeated over and over again by Chancellor after Chancellor of the Exchequer, were weary, yet listening to or reading the new style of Budget speech, one longs for an hour of Hicks' Beach or of Harcourt. There was dignity in the old tone, and deportment. Now about the whole business is an atmosphere of trickery and small scoring. The Chancellor of the Exchequer wrangles over his figures, worries his way from point to point, much as if he were engaged in a duel with Lord Robert Cecil or Mr. Herbert about the Buntingford or Somerset pamphlets on the Insurance Act, or the ninepence-for-fourpence dispute. It may be clever, but it strikes us as meanly clever. One would rather have the "golden mediocrity" of, say, a Childers or a Fowler.

And how contemptible intellectually are some of the arguments which the Chancellor of the Exchequer carelessly chuck into the defence of his scheming! He cannot defend that huge "blunderbuss of blunder-headedness", his modern Domesday valuation project, for any value it is to the Treasury. It is a dead loss so far financially, and must be for years. But he tells the House that "every civilised country in the world" has adopted such a valuation. We do not believe this. But even suppose it more or less true, that is no excuse for bringing it into a Budget for the year in this country. We hope—and we know well—that when an English Chancellor of the Exchequer, who cares for tradition and tone, fills Mr. Lloyd George's place he will not bring in his Tariff because "every civilised country in the world" has a Tariff.

How cheap and utterly misleading, too, is the boast that the extra death duties, which the Government pride themselves on, do not raise the cost of a single necessity of life! The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows well that when a rich man dies and the State takes a large sum out of his estate, poor people who have depended on the rich man's money often must suffer. The heir cannot afford to keep up so large an establishment, and several workmen lose their jobs. Will Mr. Lloyd George say that this is not raising the cost of a single necessity of life to those workmen? It is raising the cost of every necessity of life to the man dismissed: more, it is often putting these necessities almost clean out of his reach for a time. The death duties are nothing if not a tax on the necessities of life.

There is one other point in this very uncomfotting and uncomfortable speech that we may mention as a curiosity. Mr. Lloyd George declared that this country was doing extremely well, and that all its best customers were doing extremely well. Who are those customers? He named Germany, Russia, Canada, and Australia among others. That is odd, because they are all Protectionist countries, and the theory of Mr. Lloyd George and his party is that Protection is very bad for a country. However, here is the absurdity that "every civilised country in the world" is doing extremely well on Protection; whilst Great Britain, about the only civilised country in the world which has not Protection, is also booming. It follows then—this syllogism is good enough, we fancy, for the logic of the new kind of Chancellor of the Exchequer—that neither Protection nor Free Trade matters!

Mr. Bonar Law's warning about revolutionary Governments and corruption was clearly not thrown away on the powers that be. The latest appointment to an office of profit by the Government can satisfy indeed the most fastidious among us. Mr. Masterman told the House about the appointment this week. The holder of it is so extremely scrupulous in keeping free from all suggestion of party spirit that he would not suffer either a Radical agent or a Tory agent to claim his vote for him. He waived them aside and got his vote

off his own bat, it appears. It is an interesting experience to meet with the ardent politician who lives absolutely independent of all party influence in these days of the caucus and the Whip. But we cannot quite understand what use the vote is to a man so determined to have nothing to say and nothing to do with either of the parties.

The question of paying M.P.s having been settled, the next matter is the feeding of them. It seems that the Kitchen Committee has been giving a shilling dinner at below cost price, and the "Westminster Gazette" gravely disapproves. Before M.P.s got their £400 a year, it seems, they were justified in dining too cheaply at the cost of the taxpayer; now they ought to dine at their own cost. We rather doubt the morality of the first proposition. Because a man knows or fancies himself to be underpaid, it hardly follows that he should strive or wish to dine at some other man's expense.

Mr. John Redmond, speaking at the Dublin Home Rule demonstration on Sunday, described the Government's Bill as a "great treaty of peace between Ireland and England and the Empire". Not far away upon another platform Mr. Kettle was interrupted by a voice that shouted "What about the 'Independent' and the Union Jack?" There, sure enough, in full view was the Union Jack floating over the building of which the "Irish Independent" occupied the lower floors. As Mr. Kettle observed amid cheers, this was a "sorry exhibition for a paper founded by Mr. Parnell". The "Irish Independent" had to apologise next day for the offence, explaining that the top floor did not belong to them, and that they were not responsible for this flouting of Nationalist sensibility. The incident is full of instruction; Mr. Redmond on one platform preaches union of hearts; Mr. Kettle on another platform denounces union of flags.

Mr. Redmond's Dublin speech shows that the Nationalists were at one time seriously afraid that the difficulties of the Government in dealing with the coal strike might put Home Rule in peril. Industrial developments in England, said Mr. Redmond, have disturbed many of the friends of Home Rule, lest they should so eventuate (the barbarous language is Mr. Redmond's) as to destroy the life of the Government before the Home Rule Bill was passed. After this naive confession of political selfishness Mr. Redmond went on to make a politically indecent charge against the Unionist party. "I honestly think", said Mr. Redmond, "there were some Unionists who were almost inclined to welcome the coal strike, with all its misery and suffering, because they thought it would interfere with the chances of Home Rule". This is not fair political hitting: not even party-political.

The Salford magistrates committed Mr. Tom Mann for trial on the charge of endeavouring to incite soldiers to mutiny. Mr. Mann has not thrown any legal difficulties in the way of proof of his connexion with the "Syndicalist", so far as the charge relates to what appeared in that paper. He admits that he was on the board of direction of the paper and does not deny responsibility. Nor does he repudiate his speech at Salford nor his supplying copies of the paper containing the article. But he asserts that it is untrue to say, as the detectives swore, that he used the words, "Don't shoot your comrades; turn your rifles round and shoot the other fellows".

It hardly looks as if the Government were very much in earnest about the prosecution. On the day Mr. Mann was committed the sentences on the two Bucks, the publishers, and on Bowman, the editor of the "Syndicalist", were reduced to one month for the Bucks and six months for Bowman. Mr. McKenna explained to Major Archer-Shee that the subordinate position of the Bucks accounted for his action in their case. But Bowman was editor, and so surely was as responsible a person as Mr. Mann. It seems a strange way of

"establishing the gravity of the offence, and warning others against its repetition" to half-pardon one of the accused before the other has been tried. The second accused must feel rather encouraged.

Mr. Shaw on shooting will be read and talked about and laughed over, if not at, by everybody. It does not sound serious—shoot the man who will work for five shillings a day; shoot the man who won't work; shoot everybody and you will be all right—but Mr. Shaw is a Fabian socialist. The Fabians have never been on the anti-gentleman tack. Mr. Shaw is quite in earnest; he really would shoot a workman not up to standard as readily as a marquis. Probably he would shoot neither. Meantime let us remember that Mr. Shaw declares for a large army and compulsory military service. If he will get us this, we can take his compulsory industrial service without grimace—especially as it cannot be done.

Sir Almroth Wright's letter on woman suffrage has raised a chorus, indeed—none so shrill of tone as Sir Victor Horsley. Sir Almroth Wright, it seems, has insulted his sex and his profession; his statements are "pornographic"; his arguments are "fatuous"; and his "outburst" is a "trifling mudheap". What seems chiefly to offend Sir Victor Horsley is Sir Almroth Wright's insistence on certain physiological facts usually slurred or forgotten. This suffraget, in fact, raises the cry of taboo. Reticence of discussion has not hitherto been remarkable on that side. But Mr. Bernard Shaw is a suffraget. Sir Victor Horsley had better settle this little affair as to taboo with him.

The W.S.P.U. in an official *épanchement* as to the rejection of the Conciliation Bill "regards as entirely frivolous the statement that the rejection is due to the recent militant protest". The rejection of the Bill is, in fact, entirely due to the Government. This is proved as follows. The Bill was lost by fourteen votes. Eight members of the Government voted against it. Therefore, if it had not been for the Government, the Bill would have passed with a majority of two. The militant policy is, therefore, clear. The W.S.P.U. must smash the Government, and be particularly well revenged upon the Nationalists who helped the Government. "No Votes for Women, no Home Rule" is the mot de guerre.

Meantime Mrs. Despard, of the W.F.L., has dreadfully suggested a new means of offence against innocent tradesmen in the West End of London. The W.S.P.U. have smashed their windows; the W.F.L. are going to smash their trade. The Freedom League are to start a campaign against hats. Ladies of the League are to cease wearing hats themselves, and to preach against the wearing of hats in general. The habit, says Mrs. Despard, is sure to catch. Few women will hesitate between having a hat and having a vote. Exactly.

For the last time a Viceroy has met his Councillors at Calcutta, the seat of British government since a handful of merchants began to acquire the sovereignty of India. Only a fraction of the Council are Bengalis. For the others the transfer is a deliverance. Nevertheless it touches the imagination, and all must feel a natural regret at breaking away. India starts anew with a full treasury and an underestimated revenue. New Delhi is to cost only the four millions estimated, and not the ten millions suggested by some critics. We are doubtful of this. Lord Hardinge re-affirms the two first objects of his Viceroyalty—education and sanitation. He may find them harder to deal with than he expects. Indians do not love the inspector. Wisely Lord Hardinge has put down his foot on the proposal for compulsory school education. He has got on the best of terms with his Council, politely complimenting the Indian members on the helpful and statesmanlike quality of their numerous resolutions—all of which, however, he found it necessary to reject.

The so-called Hungarian crisis is by no means yet in a fair way towards solution. It is, in fact, an Austro-Hungarian crisis, for the personal Hungarian jealousy of Vienna has a good deal to say to it. The Hungarian Parliament fear that its undoubted rights to vote the annual contingent may be violated, while its action threatens to impinge upon the equally undoubted rights of the Sovereign to call up the reserves. Suspicion of the Federalist tendencies of the heir to the Throne have helped to add a sharper point to the squabble. All the Hungarian statesmen, even those most devoted to the Crown, have found themselves obliged to rally to the national sentiment.

At least, this was so till a few days ago. Then in a decisive interview with Count Khuen Hedervary the Sovereign distinctly refused to have his rights in any way impaired, and seems undoubtedly to have threatened abdication as an alternative. The Cabinet, which had resigned, resumes office, and is doing its best to put pressure on the Kossuthists and other groups to make them give way. Even if M. Kossuth yields, which will be difficult for him, for his reputation as a patriot is at stake, it hardly appears as if the other recalcitrant groups would do so. If, as appears probable, public opinion is with them, force will be impossible. It rather looks like an impasse, but the Hungarians are too suspicious of the heir-apparent's policy to hasten his accession.

If Admiral Sir Reginald Custance is right, the German Dreadnaughts are tactically superior to our own. Sir Reginald Custance is one of our greatest tacticians, and his view, which is also the German view, is that a secondary armament of six-inch guns is a most essential part of the equipment of a battleship. Indirect confirmation of this comes from the fact that after the six-inch battery has been left out of about thirty of our Dreadnaughts, which are "all-big-gun ships", it has now been readopted. The admiral points out that in weight two twelve-inch guns are equal to fifteen six-inch guns, but that a six-inch gun hits three times as often as the big gun, so that while 1700 lbs., or two projectiles, are hitting from the twelve-inch guns, 4500 lbs., or forty-five projectiles, are hitting the enemy from the six-inch guns for the same load of guns carried. The public has been completely misled on this question by journalists whose knowledge has been derived from the Admiralty responsible for the Dreadnaught policy. A mistake has been made, our entire force of Dreadnaughts must have something written off in our balance of power account, and the situation is one more argument for the eight Dreadnaughts we have demanded this year.

The more one examines the position the more one sees how great is the debt of gratitude the country owes to those who raised up public opinion in 1908 and made possible the agitation for eight Dreadnaughts in 1909. We have now fifteen effective Dreadnaught-era ships, but the official expectation given as a certitude in the House of Commons in March 1909 was that we should have twenty. Even of these fifteen two are undergoing very severe reconstruction, which, in the German sense, would class them as still under construction. The discovery of the German acceleration was made by our own private shipbuilders, and, since it depended for success on secrecy, it was promptly abandoned on discovery. It is true that both in 1911 and 1912 the German ships were much delayed by strikes, but in so vital a matter it would have been criminal to count on such chances happening to our rivals, and we should have acted only on the assumption that they might happen to ourselves. It is simply due to good luck and vigilant criticism of the Government that we are safe to-day, and we are not faced by an almost equal German Dreadnaught force.

It was South Pole or nothing for Captain Amundsen. His expedition was frankly intended as a race. He had all through the most wonderful good fortune. His dash

at the Pole seemed almost too easily made. Captain Scott's expedition was not built for racing. It reads more like a siege, though paradoxically the records of the various parties organised from the "Terra Nova" are fuller of adventure than the story of Captain Amundsen's more dashing exploit. One result of the difference between these expeditions is that Scott's will prove scientifically of far more value than Amundsen's. The record of the Western Geological Party is as full of scientific interest as of gallantry. Very striking is the discovery by Mr. Frank Debenham of bituminous coal in the Western Antarctic Highlands.

For adventure nothing could excel the story of Lieutenant Evans and his party. On an exceptionally hard journey Evans was taken with scurvy. He had only two companions, Lashley and Crean. For four days Evans struggled on, doing his share of the work. For another four he was dragged on by his mates. Last of all Lashley stayed behind with him, while, to get help, Crean walked on to the "Discovery" hut, thirty miles away. This beats anything in the fiction of Mr. Jack London or Miss Elizabeth Robins. All parties from the "Terra Nova" met with suffering and difficulty quite beyond anything Captain Amundsen went through. The winter was exceptionally severe, even for the Antarctic. Even so, the expedition suffered on one occasion from the heat! A sudden rise of temperature after a summer snowstorm made a morass over which the leading pony had to be taken in snowshoes.

The West End managers' petition to the King in support of the Censor reviews the decisions "all favourable to the Censorship" of the four Parliamentary Committees since 1843. It goes on to "protest against the suggestion that the production of plays has been hampered and checked" by the Censor. The managers have appealed to the committees. There is a passage pertinent to this particular point in the report of the Committee of 1909: "The plays which have been vetoed", says the Committee, "are few in number. . . . But this is not the measure of the activities of the Censorship; and we have been assured by playwrights that the fear of its intervention seriously hampers their work. To what extent these considerations operate is obviously incapable of measurement. A Censorship of the Press might not touch one newspaper article in a thousand submitted to it, but its effect might be immense."

The managers' petition goes on to argue that under the law as it stands at present there is adequate protection (for themselves, of course) because the necessity of obtaining a licence for a play before its performance prevents the possibility of the licence of the theatre being called in question by the performance of a "seditious and improper play". If this were true, so much the worse for the Censorship; but we will again refer the managers to the report of one of the four Committees "all favourable to the Censorship". "The present law", says the Committee of 1909, "gives no immunity from prosecution for common law or other offences to plays licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, although in practice no prosecutions are undertaken. We regard it as inexpedient to confer an absolute immunity on plays to be licensed in future".

The Handel autographs brought £310 at Sotheby's. The Smith copies—thirty-seven volumes—brought no more than one hundred guineas; but on the other hand it was surprising that the little Krieger book brought so much as £13. The ultimate destination of the scores is not yet, we believe, known; and considering the value of the Smith lot we trust that they may remain in the country. Curiosity and sentiment, of course, make Handel's autographs worth much more than any copies; but, as Mr. Runciman said last week, Smith's copies are in reality what musicians want. Generally they, rather than the autographs, represent Handel's final intentions.

PEACE DEFERRED.

M R. ASQUITH'S assurance that "peace was in sight" turns out to have been a little previous. At least, if in sight, peace was still a long way off, an incalculably long way. Perhaps it is like the Irish shore which the sailor told the passenger was in sight, but it was hazy, so you could not see it. Certainly the prospect of real peace in the coal trade is at present very hazy. Maybe it is there the other side of meetings of district boards, more negotiation, fighting within the Federation and without, sporadic return to work, mutual suspicion and everybody's loss. In short, peace is not much easier to see than it was a fortnight ago. It is by no means so clear as it was a week ago. It was not then in sight but with the probability, as all counted, of the miners voting for going back to work, we seemed at least to be making straight for it. But now we have gone back. The men have voted not for but against returning to work. We cannot get the consolation some seem to find in minute examination of the figures and endless turning them over. The fact stands that there is a substantial majority against going back. There may be some comfort in this not amounting to the majority of two-thirds ruled necessary to keep a strike going or to bind men not to go back to work. But even this comfort seems to us cold. We are sceptical of Mr. Ashton's power to bring the strike to an end, though it is easy for him to declare it off. If the strike is off on merely technical grounds, it will not be off at all. The plain fact of a considerable majority for remaining out will outweigh the effect of any technical rule. Men who will not follow their leaders, for whom they are now openly expressing their contempt, are not likely to be bound by any regulations those leaders or their predecessors have made. The motives which have decided them not to vote for returning to work will decide them to hold out until they have got what they want or cannot endure longer. One hears people saying the strike is over. This is mere optimism. A number of men here and there going back to work does not make an end to the strike. So far, all return to work has been merely sporadic. No doubt, if all who voted for going back to work took the want of a two-thirds majority against as a decision in their favour and acted on it, that would break the back of the strike. Even if those districts which returned a majority of votes in favour of working did this in mass, the strike would be very sensibly abated. But will they? Is it likely that Wales and the Midlands will go back to work solidly as industrial units? It is more likely, as it seems to us, that they will take up work piecemeal, gradually and sporadically. It may be that in this way the strike will end—dying out after a lingering decline. This is the worst end that could be; the end that will be longest in coming, the end that will leave worst feeling behind it. A hard stand-up fight ending in a mutual settlement with general hand-shaking leaves no bad feeling at all. It even seems to stimulate good feeling. It is proverbial that both individuals and states that have fought each other hard very often learn mutual respect which ripens into mutual liking. It is not so when one side gradually wears the other out after protracted irregular fighting. No doubt such an end to the strike would go far to break the miners' organisation, which might rejoice some people; but it would leave a bad spirit behind in the coal industry for many years.

What other end there can be is indeed hard to say; for the miners seem deliberately to have elected for a trial of endurance between them and the owners—a game at which, of course, they must lose. It can never pay the men's side in an industrial contest to turn it into a mere trial of endurance. The employers in such a fight have every advantage on their side. If things are driven to such a length that the owners prefer to wait an indefinite time rather than give in they can always win, at severe cost, no doubt, but at far less cost comparatively than to the men. Therefore as a matter of tactics the men should never let a dispute take that course. If they cannot get what they want from the

Intervention of a third party, they should settle with their adversary as quickly as possible. This time the men have acted with all the folly conceivable: if they had wished to ruin themselves, they could not have taken a more direct way to doing it than they have. They had from the State the option of a settlement favourable to themselves, and they refuse it without even the hope of getting better terms from the State and without the power of getting better terms from their employers. So unwise is their policy, if it is a policy at all, that it is very difficult to get behind their motives. Miners are reputed hard-headed and not slow to look after their own interests, especially English miners, and certainly not least when they happen to be Yorkshiremen too. Yet Yorkshire is overwhelmingly against returning to work, and Lancashire and Scotland. All the hardest-headed, longest-viewed, most practical group of miners have pronounced in favour of a course that seems to the onlooker suicidal. Does not this suggest that their course is not so absurd as you think, and that these men have reasons for their action you do not understand? No doubt it does so suggest; but we should like to know what is the advantage in the course they have chosen, and what reasonable motives they can have. We can discover neither. One can understand certain psychological factors having their effect. The northern type, especially the Yorkshireman, is hard to move; he is slow to take action; but when he does move, he is just as slow to give up. Doggedness is a great English quality, but it tells on the bad side as well as the good. One can also understand a certain amount of suspicion. An abstract principle may seem a small gain; it is natural that plain, blunt, practical men should prefer cash down, or at any rate figures in black and white. The miners are suspicious of the district boards; they think they may fix a minimum lower than the present rate. They think they will be giving up without getting anything tangible for their pains. One can understand these feelings influencing the men, but one would have thought that intelligence would have come more into play to correct feeling. A little thought would convince them of the mistake of holding out for what they now know they cannot get; it would show them that their suspicion of the district boards is not reasonable, and that remaining on strike was the last thing likely to influencing an independent chairman in their favour. On the whole the men seem to have acted upon their feelings, and not upon any calculation.

Where have their leaders been? It is their business to think for the men. They have not done it, and the men are justifiably resentful. One can sympathise in a way with the leaders in their present plight, for they would bring the men to a right decision but find they have lost their lead. They have themselves to thank for this. They undoubtedly induced the men to think they could get much more than they had any chance of getting. The men complain that their leaders urged them to strike to get certain things and now urge them to give in without getting them. Because, of course, they find they cannot be got. None the less they led the men wrongly. If none of the leaders had ever talked of the schedule of rates but only of the principle of a minimum wage, the men would have no ground for disappointment now. Either there would have been no strike, or it would have been over well before this. No wonder, again, the men can make little of leadership that rejects the Government Bill one day and advises them to accept it another. The miners' leaders seem to have thought out their position little more than the men. The Labour party simply has not counted in the whole matter.

Certainly this is not an encouraging start for unenforceable legislation. An Act which cannot be enforced does not persuade. This Act has not had one titillate more effect than a resolution would have had; but a resolution would not have made law ridiculous. Success alone could have justified this precedent, and it has not succeeded. If law cannot intervene to more effect, it had better keep off. The "majesty of the law" is not exactly insulted but it is unmistakably

slighted by this disregard for the Minimum Wage Act. But it is not law that suffers most by the miners' ballot: it is trade unionism.

THE BUDGET.

IT is difficult to say whether a surplus is real or artificial, unless one is in the inner ring of Somerset House and the Treasury. The six millions and a half by which last year's revenue has exceeded the estimate are derived from the expenditure of the community on what are called luxuries, beer, wine and spirits, tobacco, petrol and motors, and the telephone,—a feminine luxury chiefly, for a great many women spend the morning in telephoning trivialities to their friends. We are willing to believe that the estimates of revenue from these sources were genuinely under-estimated, because the consumption of liquors had been steadily declining for years, and even Mr. Lloyd George, feminist as he is, probably failed to measure the inexhaustible loquacity of women with wires in their mouths. The drink revenue has risen no less than £1,900,000 above anticipation, partly due to a very hot and prolonged summer, and partly to booming trade. The prosperity of the country is certainly astounding: but it should be borne in mind that it is not confined to this country: indeed, it is impossible, in the nature of things, that a trade-boom can be confined to one country. Except in the case of war, when there is an abnormal production of the weapons, food, and clothing of the army and navy by the nation at war, all trade, being exchange, must be shared by all the civilised countries of the world. For the last three years there has been a wave of commercial prosperity running round the world. Such periods almost invariably are followed by the reaction, which is the consequence of the over-production into which traders are tempted by high prices. There are certainly no signs as yet that we have reached the top of the wave, from which we must descend into the trough of stagnation. On the contrary, those best qualified to know are predicting a coming boom in the shipping trade, as there is a shortage of keels. But two reflections the bursting opulence of Great Britain does suggest to the political philosopher, namely, that our prosperity depends on that of our neighbours, and that good trade has little or nothing to do with Governments and not mainly with tariffs. When we find nations, some with high tariffs, some with low tariffs, some with kings, some with presidents, all flourishing at the same time, we cannot help recalling the famous lines of Pope and Goldsmith about the unimportance in human affairs of laws and princes. Before parting from the subject of over-estimating and under-estimating in budgets, we must make this observation. Under Chancellors of the Exchequer like Gladstone, Goschen, Harcourt, and Hicks Beach, the nation could place absolute reliance upon the estimates of the expert officials at Somerset House and the Treasury, and for this reason. An example of financial austerity was set by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Those who are old enough to remember the budgets of the statesmen we have named will recall the scrupulosity of statement and the fine edge of mathematical precision which characterised them. The eminent Civil servants who supplied the material were zealously accurate, because they knew that nothing less than accuracy would be tolerated by their chief, and that anything like manipulation of figures to support a political programme would be sternly rebuked. We have changed that under Mr. Lloyd George, whose advent to the Treasury inaugurated a reign of laxity, of exaggerations, of corrections, of fluctuations, of sensational budgeteering. Civil servants are quick to catch the tone of the Chancellor of the Exchequer: and though we do not say that the surplus is artificial—part of it is obviously genuine—we are obliged to say that we feel less confidence than we used to in the financial methods by which budgets are prepared.

It would be churlish to grudge Mr. Lloyd George his luck, especially as we all share in its results. Nor

are we inclined to find fault with the use he makes of his surplus. The Chancellor of the Exchequer neither remits taxation nor reduces debt, but (in City parlance) carries forward his six and a half millions. It is true that Consols stand at 78½; and that the income-tax remains at 1s. 2d. in time of peace. But with the uncertainty as to Germany's shipbuilding intentions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is perfectly justified in keeping his resources liquid, especially having regard to the present position of parties in the House of Commons. The refusal of the Government to embody a minimum rate of wage in their Act has split the parliamentary Labour party, and consequently embittered the feeling of all the Labour members. Nobody knows what may happen in the various stages of the Home Rule Bill, except that at any moment the Tories might find themselves in the same lobby with the Labour members and the Nationalists. The position of the Government, in short, has suddenly become insecure: and both from a party and a national point of view, Mr. Lloyd George is entitled to keep his millions of cash in hand. Suppose, for instance, that he had applied it to reduction of debt, and that we had suddenly found ourselves confronted by an outburst of shipbuilding in Germany, or something worse in the shape of diplomatic complications. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would then be obliged to come to the House of Commons for large supplementary votes of supply. Does anyone doubt that the House of Commons in its present temper might refuse them? These are times in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer does well to put money in his purse, and keep it there.

The cleverest part of Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Tuesday was his defence of the growing national expenditure. He ascribed it to three items—the Navy, Old-age Pensions, and State Insurance, each one of which he said, truly enough, had been approved in principle by the Unionist party. Then why, he asked, tax me with extravagance or socialism for spending money on those objects? Nay, did not you even press me to spend more than I have done? All this was very adroit, and we admit that Unionists cannot disclaim their share of responsibility for the growth of expenditure, unless they say that old-age pensions and insurance should be wholly contributory, which would be impracticable. The one point on which the Opposition might, but did not, fasten is the continuous increase of the Civil Service expenditure. State socialism, to be sure, requires an army of officials, and Mr. Lloyd George's surprise at finding himself accused of socialism is only comparable to Monsieur Jourdain's astonishment at learning that he had been all his life talking prose. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was less successful in his defence of his land taxes. He now tells us that he never expected these taxes to bring in any considerable amount of revenue, at all events for a good many years. Then for what purpose were they imposed? They were imposed at the same time that the scheme of old-age pensions was started, which we were told would cost £8,000,000 a year, but which already is beginning to cost £12,000,000 a year. It is the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to bring money into the public chest by means of taxes, and taxes which do not achieve that object stand condemned. The truth, of course, is that the land taxes were political, not financial, instruments; they were employed for the wicked purpose of exciting the passions of the masses against the owners of land, and also in the expectation that the House of Lords would reject them, and so supply the motive power for the passing of the Parliament Act. If we leave out the tax on mining royalties, which is merely the duplication of the income tax, these land taxes bring in, after deducting the cost of collection, about £100,000. For the coming year they are estimated to produce £700,000, and the cost of collection will be more than half that sum. Undeveloped land duty cannot be levied until the valuation is complete, and as it has taken two years to value one-fifth of the land in England, we see no reason to expect that the valuation of the other four-fifths will be completed in less than eight years. The

duty on reversions can only be levied when reversions fall in, and the greater part of the building leases in London have still twenty years to run. The duty on unearned increment, which is the Georgian cant for profits on the sale of land, cannot be expected to bring in much until the land has had time to increase in value, so says our astonishing Chancellor of the Exchequer, who appears to have budgeted in 1909, not for 1910, or 1911, or even 1912, but for 1920 or possibly 1925! This is certainly a very original method of providing for the immediate and pressing demands of old-age pensions and insurance. For who can tell what may happen between now and 1920? Who can predict what will be the value of land in England eight years hence? At the rate at which we have been travelling lately it is probable that by that date private ownership of land will be abolished, and the State will have stepped into the shoes of the execrated landlords. Will the State then pay the duties to itself? The land taxes are economically unsound, and nothing can make them either productive or just. Like all oppressive taxation directed against a class, they will discredit their authors.

THE GOVERNMENT AT EASTER.

THE Easter recess will give the public an opportunity of taking stock of the political situation. It is indeed about time that a little calm scrutiny was given to politics pure and simple. The continual changes in the Coal Strike outlook, and the painfully hysterical descriptions given of those changes in certain sections of the Press, have tended to obscure for the moment the main facts about the position of the Government and the various parties in the House. Before the strike came on it was perfectly clear that the fortunes of the Coalition were declining towards a fall. The Parliament Bill was hardly through when a revulsion of feeling seized on the electorate. It was as though the nation, disgusted and weary with the present holders of power, had an access of remorse for the murder of the Constitution and were going to make things unpleasant for the murderers. The bye-elections began their long tale of Liberal disasters, and the only practical step which it occurred to Liberals to take in reply was to give a lunch to the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith, who spoke at what was supposed to be a triumphant fête but which looked far more like a dress-rehearsal for Belshazzar's feast, said he did not care about bye-elections. Precisely — falling Ministers always say that. We have a recollection that Mr. Balfour said something of the kind about 1904, and the more outspoken portion of the Liberal Press drew the parallel for the Prime Minister's benefit. In a word, the supposed glorious victory of Liberalism last summer turned during these two parliamentary months into a rout so headlong that the only anxiety of Unionists was lest the Ministry would fall to pieces prematurely.

This then was the situation when the strike broke out; is that situation in any way altered? He would be a fortunate prophet who could give a conclusive answer. One thing only is clear—a new and disturbing factor has been introduced into what was before a fairly simple calculation. A great strike always leaves behind it an aftermath of emotion which generally finds an electoral expression. The question is in what direction this wave of opinion will move. If it moves, as is probable, against the Government, will it move in the Unionist, or in the Labour, or in the Syndicalist direction? The problem is complicated by the facts that the Government fumbled the situation badly, that the official Labour party became a public laughing stock and have fallen into utter disrepute with their own supporters, and that the Opposition Press took a very dangerous line. The attitude of the Opposition leaders was indeed faultless, but some of their supporters have been writing in the papers opinions which can only be described as Limehouse turned inside out, and their conduct will have an adverse influence on Unionist candidatures in the great industrial centres. A certain type of Unionist might

occasionally remember with advantage his own statements about preaching class war. On the whole, then, if the strike has shaken the Government and discredited the Labour party, it has not perhaps done the Opposition much good. The natural tendency of the reaction would appear to be in favour of a more revolutionary form of socialism than has hitherto been known in England. But here a further difficulty presents itself. The Syndicalist type of agitator does not believe in the Parliamentary method, and he is certainly not organised to use it. In practice he can only secure a seat in Parliament by turning a milder socialist out. The tide, then, checked by cross eddies for a moment, will begin to set again in the same direction, a direction adverse to Ministers.

The inherent rottenness of the Coalition fabric was exposed in the week of strain which produced the Government Bill. For an hour or two it looked as if the position of 1872 was going to be repeated, a Liberal Ministry which had exhausted its mandate beaten in the lobby, and the Conservative Opposition offered a tenure of office which it would have had to refuse. We have moved a long way this session from the Liberal placards of "Majority 112". But in the opinion of many sound judges we have not yet moved far enough to make wholesome Unionist victory at the polls a certainty. No victory can be wholesome which does not give a solid majority strong enough not only to carry the tariff but to hold it in operation for five years. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has all along been anxious for a dissolution which would bring in a weak Unionist Ministry: it is to be hoped that his wish will not be gratified. Still, there need be no extreme anxiety about the passage of the Welsh Disestablishment and Home Rule Bills. The Ministry can hardly hold together for another two years, nor are the Opposition without the means of forcing them to the country in the last resort and when the time is ripe. Meantime Unionists will do well to concentrate themselves not only on the deficiencies of the Ministry but on their own constructive programme. They will have to hold office through a period of continued social unrest, and they will only succeed if they can produce sound and adequate remedies for the evils which are now afflicting the body politic.

THE SEDDON CASE.

THIS case gives one to think on some serious aspects of present-day administration of criminal law. "The accused is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty", used to be the maxim of English criminal justice. For centuries our practice has required proof of guilt—clear unshaken evidence properly adduced by the prosecution—but nowadays we hear Judges talking of inferences, of presumptions, of the failure of the accused to account for his actions or omissions, while the necessity for the Crown establishing an indubitable chain of proof by testimony is ignored. The safety of the administration of justice was bound up in the maxim that the onus was upon the Crown to prove its case. The preservation of the innocent from wrongful conviction is even more important than the rightful conviction of the guilty. The Crown has no right to rely on the weakness of the answer of the accused, still less to stir up and create a cloud of suspicion, and then seek a conviction because the prisoner cannot demonstrate his innocence. In a criminal trial there ought not to be any place for suspicion. Unfortunately much laxity has crept into criminal procedure of late years. This is due partly to the Criminal Evidence Act, 1898, partly to the Judges being men who before their elevation have long lost touch with criminal work, and, indeed, in some instances have come into a Court of Jail Delivery entire strangers to the practical work of a heavy criminal case. Before 1898 the prisoner was, as a rule, technically incompetent to give evidence—in other words, he was not allowed to give evidence; and juries often gave him the benefit of the doubt which

most frequently arises in trials involving knowledge of human nature in different classes of life and inquiry into motives. Now it is all changed. Juries have repeatedly been told by Judges that the accused can give evidence, and if he abstains from doing so they are asked "What do they think of it"? The sort of summing up one hears at Quarter Sessions and from some Judges is notorious; we have all heard "Then the prisoner's counsel asks you to believe this . . . but the man who can tell you whether that is true or not stands there [in the dock] and he is not called as a witness!—well, do you believe it?" Verdict, guilty.

No doubt the 1898 Act was designed as a shield to protect the prisoner, and it expressly provided that his declining to give evidence should not be made the subject of comment by the prosecution. But the Judges very soon got round that. They gave themselves the right to comment, although Parliament, containing many able lawyers, had carefully omitted to do so. The practical result is to force the accused into the witness-box, and, having got him there, the Crown proceeds to "smash him" on cross-examination. Seddon's case is a striking example of unfairness in the present working of procedure in capital cases. Had he and his wife not been called as witnesses, the Crown would have failed to prove a case sufficient to justify a verdict of wilful murder. Without the evidence of the accused few juries would have dared to convict. The prosecution has behind it every resource; the whole detective and police force is turned on to provide "material for cross-examination"; there is unlimited money to bring witnesses from any distance, to pay expensive specialists, while the accused usually cannot afford to pay a decent fee to his lawyers. Then the Attorney-General is brought down to run a very ordinary murder trial, supported by the intelligence of men who know every move in the game. It is not merely the answers given by the accused on cross-examination which count, but his demeanour, his appearance, his tone much affect the minds of the jury. In short, the case nearly always stands or falls upon the testimony of the prisoner in the box.

Recognising these dangers, Parliament, when providing that a prisoner might be called, prohibited questions as to his character or antecedents; but the exceptions to this rule in practice have made it a dead letter. The astute practitioner can easily make occasions for cross-examining the prisoner as to his credibility, whereupon he is really convicted because he is a doubtful character, not because he is clearly proved to have committed the offence charged.

It is public scandal that in a trial for his life the accused should be practically forced to go into the witness box. Most Judges now openly direct juries, after they have heard the prisoner give an apparently truthful story, to be chary of believing it, because when before the magistrates he did not give evidence. "It is the duty of the accused to assist the ends of justice", so say some Judges, "and he ought to tell his story at the earliest possible occasion, so that the prosecutor may have the fullest opportunity to show he is untruthful", and thereby procure his own conviction. This is virtually the torture system over again. But the statutes of the realm are clearly expressed to the contrary, the statutory caution given to every prisoner before magistrates reminding him of the ancient maxim of our law, "You are not bound to give evidence, but if you do it will be taken down in writing and it may be used against you at your trial". Is it strange if he declines, as morally and legally he is entitled to do? But when he comes before the Judge he finds that the caution should have read, "If you don't give evidence here the Judge at your trial will probably comment on it against you, even though you do give evidence before him". True, not all Judges exercise this power, but that is not security enough for fair play. No Judge ought to be trusted with such power, especially when, as is common, he is a man who knows next to nothing of criminal courts until he appears in one on the bench.

Modern methods of judicial administration leaving

such hard chances for any prisoner, the natural result is many wrongful convictions. The public mind would be shocked if it knew the increasing number of errors in convictions since 1898, and the numerous cases of free pardons granted quietly without any newspaper publicity. Cases of mistaken identity are common. "Why was the accused convicted? Because he cut up badly on cross-examination." The benefit of the doubt is no longer left to the prisoner, as the Seddon case aptly demonstrates. His demeanour and his evidence convicted him; the whole forces of the Crown were arrayed against him, primed and eager to probe him with questions. The prisoner has now, not the benefit, but the damnation of the doubt.

THE CITY.

THE approach of the longest business holiday of the year naturally provoked realisations in all the markets that have recently been active. In some departments there were big profits to be taken and the selling was fairly heavy. Quotations, in the circumstances, have kept very firm, and this is considered a good indication of what may be expected after Easter. Speculators have been making money lately, and so long as they are making money they will continue doing business and increasing their commitments. At the same time investment demand is improving. The last three important issues of new capital were unqualified successes; they were the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway issue of £1,000,000 in 5 per cent. debenture stock, the Chilean 5 per cent. annuities loan and the Kheton Railway 5 per cent. issue guaranteed by the Russian Government. In each case the security was sound and the price reasonable. This evidence of investment buying should encourage issuing houses to bring before the public the more inviting of those appeals for capital which have been held up by reason of the shyness of investors.

The Stock Exchange nowadays takes its disappointments quite philosophically. The coal affair has been one long series of disappointments; yet Home rails have not suffered severely. Now Mr. Lloyd George has provided an exceedingly unpleasant surprise for holders of Consols and the market took the news very well. Nobody expected that the whole of the 6½ millions surplus would be allowed to go to the sinking fund, but it was fully expected that at least a million would be allocated toward the redemption of the national debt. Of course Consols declined on the Budget speech, but the reaction has so far not equalled the appreciation which occurred on the strength of the big surplus.

In the Home Railway market the result of the ballot of the coal-miners had a depressing effect. Interest has centred upon the Underground and Tube stocks. Heavy profit-taking caused a sharp set-back in Metropolitans, Districts and Central Londons, but there was good support at the lower prices and no signs of weakness were apparent. As soon as traffics begin to improve there should be a recovery in Home rails, because the bull account at present is extremely small and the supply of stock limited.

The American market has lost its firmness. Opinion regarding the anthracite miners' attitude is no longer so bullish; trade reports are somewhat less favourable and the improved level of quotations has encouraged bear selling, while operators for the rise have reduced their commitments. Canadian Pacifics, however, have been in some demand on the reiteration of rumours that the company's land holdings may be segregated from the railroad undertaking. Grand Trunk traffic for the last ten days of March was better than was expected, but speculative interest in this market is at a low ebb. At first sight the figures of the Hudson's Bay Company's land sales during the March quarter looked unfavourable because the corresponding statement a year ago included a large special sale for irrigation purposes for £419,380. The total receipts for the year ended 31 March were £371,600 against £635,000 for the corresponding twelve months, but, deducting the

special sales referred to, there is a net improvement of £216,000, showing that the company really fared exceedingly well. Among Foreign rails better news from Mexico led to a rise in Mexican securities and the advance in Argentines continued, it being understood that the value of the maize crop for export from Argentina may be as much as £26,000,000.

Shipping shares have been less active. The rumours of important amalgamation schemes have lost their influence for the present, and profit-taking has caused reactions. The excitement in Marconis has also died down considerably, and in this section realisations to secure profits have been the order of the day. Speculative interest in the last few days has been diverted to the Oil share market. Big buying of Shells was accompanied by rumours that the Shell Company will shortly undertake to supply the Admiralty with large shipments of fuel oil on a contract covering a long period. There has also been a large business in Standard Oil of Mexico shares in the belief that the company is about to strike a gusher. Judging by the reports to hand the prospects are most encouraging and preparations are being made for a big output; but a purchase of the shares is in the nature of a gamble.

In the Mining markets Copper and Tin shares have commanded chief attention. The former metal, however, seldom attracts the general public for any length of time, and Tin shares have become very quiet. The news that the Consolidated Gold Fields Company has bought 10,000 Anglo-Continental shares at £5 each is encouraging, and a revival of interest in this section would not cause much surprise. The declaration of several Rubber dividends and the issue of many annual reports have not created any special demand for Rubber shares, but the quiet investment inquiry continues, and should be further encouraged by the result of the Mincing Lane sales this week, following so soon on the ordinary fortnightly sales last week. There is no sign yet awhile of over-production, notwithstanding the rapidly increasing outputs of the plantation companies.

ANOTHER VIEW OF FRENCH LAUGHTER.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

A HEART-BREAKINGLY wide subject that which Mr. John Palmer took up the other day on the occasion of M. Bergson's book on laughter. How many times we are tempted, when we reflect on deep idiosyncrasies of this kind, to say "Nay" on points about which a few moments before we had decidedly said "Ay"! Nations are temperamental like women and changing like children in their growth, and if you go to their history and, above all, to their literature for evidences of their character you are oftener puzzled than helped, for contradiction abounds in both.

I always enjoy what Mr. Palmer writes: even when he does not say so, I feel he has an eye on French literature, and I trace his interest through numberless little touches. Besides he is no cowardly writer: he is not afraid of telling adjectives, and I shall always be grateful to him for calling M. Mézières "the humble, foolish Mézières" instead of "a distinguished French critic".

But why, being so much on his guard against one writer, is he so helplessly in the hands of another? I have the greatest respect for the talent and character of M. Bergson; nobody appreciates more than I do his wonderful flexibility, which he never allows to wander beyond the limits of sincerity or even into the deliberately subtle; I have passed delightful hours in his poky, stuffy room at the Collège de France, and this is the second time I find with much disappointment that the winter is over and M. Bergson's lectures are ended and I have not been able to do what I have longed for years to do—describe the atmosphere which his charming presence as well as his magic words create. But I would not accept him implicitly as a representative of French gaiety and an authorised exponent of French laughter. This "cunning little man"—as no

doubt his occasional American admirers call him—is too refined and dainty, too politely curious of too many things to be quite at his ease in the realm of Rabelais. M. Bergson is no laughing man. To use his own language, I do not think that “ il s'est jamais installé dans le Rire ”; the book he ought to write should be on *The Smile*.

Mr. Palmer has come to the conclusion that all the time M. Bergson was writing on laughter he had Molière in his mind. I have no doubt that it is true. Professors always think of Molière. I remember how, as a boy, I used to be amused by our school editions of “ *L'Avare* ”. The honest pedagogues who compiled them—men of taste and learning certainly—worked themselves up in their prefaces to a state of imitation satire not unmixed with contempt which was almost as good as the play itself. Those worthy men in heavy “ serviettes ”, full of books and with top hats before eight o'clock A.M., generally went by Hugo and were perfectly irresistible.

Mr. Palmer is surprised that they never understood Shakespeare. It would be surprising if they did. It is not because Shakespeare is fundamentally alien from the French—teach them English properly and you have sometimes an Angellier, frequently the men who listened delightedly to Angellier's Shakespearean hermeneutics—but because the natural bent of the professor is to go by books, to judge of life by literature, to explain a nation by its libraries and a human sentiment by what he calls one representative masterpiece. It being agreed that Molière is the most perfect master of the comic, and “ *Tartuffe* ” or “ *Le Misanthrope* ” being the kernel of the writer's production with which, in Taine's dangerous formula one ought to begin a “ methodical ” inquiry into his genius, on “ *Tartuffe* ” and “ *Le Misanthrope* ” these bookish gentlemen build the narrow theory thanks to which they will ever after misunderstand not only Shakespeare but Rabelais, and even considerable parts of Molière himself.

When a man sits down to frame a system it certainly is a vast help for him to have near at hand a variety of so-called living specimens from which to get evidences and instances by just opening a book. But this will not do when so bafflingly simple a phenomenon as laughter, and so bafflingly elusive a thing as a nation's peculiar laughter are the question. It is very well to say that the English laugh like Shakespeare and Charles Lamb, they also laugh like Swift or Carlyle, and they also laugh or try to laugh like Bernard Shaw; but it would be better to say that Shakespeare, Lamb, Swift, Carlyle and Shaw are English, Scotch or Irish men who laugh in a certain congenial manner, but there are also certain clerks in the City and certain fishermen on the Cornish coast who have a different though distinctly English way of laughing. Why should one say that the French laugh more like Molière than like Labiche or even Tristan Bernard? The best literature is a hopeless failure compared with life.

I remember a certain writer—in my student days, which I passed in the South of France with some friends. I was deep in books and trying hard through the approved process to come at a formula of the English genius. We were at an hotel where a royal personage came every year for several weeks. Sometimes he would invite friends to private parties and then he migrated to a little dining-room divided from ours only by a thin partition. We tried not to be in the way, but being discreet in mouth could not prevent our being indiscreet in ear, and we heard almost every word that was said. Sometimes the Duke would invite only English people, sometimes there was a sprinkling of French, and then the conversation was usually carried on in our language. The tone of thought, of wit and of laughter was equally refined whether French or English sounds came to us through the door, but the difference of the languages made a tremendous difference between the gaiety. It was there that I realised the difference between the funny and the witty, and to what extent languages embody a way of being and not merely of thinking. Whenever English was spoken anecdotes were the staple of conversation; the moment

French came in there were “ mots ” in the air. It was worth all the volumes I had read to hear sometimes a French voice—a woman's voice mostly—making itself as English as it could to detail a good story, and suddenly revert to Parisian wingedness when the morale of the anecdote had to come.

If one could have the good luck to meet with such experiences in a great variety of milieus one would stand a much better chance of really knowing the roots and shades of a nation's mirthfulness than by making endless memoranda from their comic writers.

I do not think the French laugh so much from their head as the study of Molière and the analysis of M. Bergson seem to imply. There is a great deal besides mere irony in their laughter. Among the lower classes this is obvious, although the French workman—hearing all the time his socialist orators tell him that he must get rich and his wife will tell him that thanks to the rising cost of life he is getting poorer—tends to become solemn; but it is true also of the leisured people, and even of theatre-goers. The French know the mere physical pleasurable sensation of laughing as well as anybody else. Do not believe for one moment that Molière made Harpagon funny mostly with a view to punish avarice and because in M. Bergson's theory it does not fit in with social necessities; he wrote “ *L'Avare* ” above all to amuse himself, just as Bernard Shaw would, and because he thought that his play would amuse others who could no more believe in his hero than he did himself.

In the times when the literature of the French seemed to be at its driest because it was at its most reasonable and consequently at its most merciless, there was one word which would constantly be found under the sharpest pens. The naïveté to which numberless passages in seventeenth-century memoirs refer was a capacity for seeing something likely to tickle in an object which however was not ridiculous. Lafontaine was less appreciated for his wonderful perfection than for his possession of this gift. Read Madame de Sévigne's letters or the “ *Historiettes* ” of Tallement des Réaux, and say if there could be more animal spirits in any English humorist than in the marquise's unutterably droll son, or in the famous chronicler's father, Huguenot as he was. Thousands of Molière's contemporaries were as ready to make one laugh at their own expense as at the expense of their ridiculous neighbour: is not this one basis of humour? It is frequently visible in the inferior characters of Molière—those which Messieurs les Professeurs call low and ignoble. His servants and country people are first cousins to those of Shakespeare, and he had in him to make them say the same things as those in “ *The Return of the Native* ”, for instance, if he had chosen to, only better. When Sganarelle, squinting towards his flask, remarks that the wood he is cutting is “ devilish salt ”—salé comme tous les diables—he is certainly more funny than Harpagon calling on the police to get himself taken up as well as the people he suspects. Louis XIV. would have laughed as much as we do if he had heard the unfortunate lover in one of Courteline's plays upbraided his jilt with the words: “ What business is it of yours that I am in love with you? ” and perhaps he would have felt the same undercurrent of sympathy. If you ask why then did literature reflect, comparatively, so little of that naïveté, the answer is easy: Molière, like all his contemporaries, was imprisoned within the narrowest classical limits, and whenever he resolutely broke bounds—as in “ *Don Juan* ”—was not approved by the critics who were the professors of those days. It took the success of Sterne—artificial though I confess he always appeared to me—even more than that of Partridge, to create in France a literature of humour.

I believe that the mistake which is made concerning the gaiety or the absence of gaiety of the French is caused largely by the characteristic of their refined conversation to which I alluded further up. There is not much merriment in it, though laughter is heard all the time. The reason is because a French conversation in a drawing-room is not intended as a recreation but as an exercise. One does not enter it to be amused

but to shine, and the laughter you hear is not laughter but applause—as much as the cheering at Lord's or in the Madrid Plaza—destined to relieve the somewhat uncomfortable sensation of awaiting good hits. I believe that bearing this in mind would help in realising that the French not only appreciate humour but possess it.

FIDELITY TO FACTS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

TO zealous art-physicians the progress of a sick world must often be most disheartening; the patient has such unaccountable relapses, such perverted appetites. So much paper has been critically inked, so many revolutionary canvases have been painted, and plays staged that you would think the old bad symptoms were effectually suppressed. And then they break out as prosperous as ever. A visit to the Suffolk Street Galleries is like going to a theatre associated with Miss Sowerby or Mr. Shaw and sitting through some sentimental play ebullient with false melodrama when not drowsy with set speeches. And in adjacent seats people prove by tearful sniffs that in spite of the new schools the old appeals remain effectual. So at the R.A. next month and the R.B.A. just now, ways of painting and seeing will prevail against the powers of New Englishness, French Synthetics, and Italian Futurisms.

This kind of painting may be as insupportable as that sentimental play, but no doubt it touches its own public. The newest school, driven to revolt, diagnosed the case as ultra-fidelity to Nature. We all know too much, they argued, and have exhausted the representation business. Had they seen more clearly they had recognised that the real complaint was superficiality, and that R.B.A. pictures are unsatisfying because they represent so very limited a view of Nature; instead of being ultra-faithful they are not true enough. One of the Futurists expresses his impression of a locomotive by the engine's number: 20368 stands for his clearest conception of an engine's pulsing rush or massive power. To the type of painter we are considering the living sea, with its ceaseless rhythm and amazing forms, is summed up by woolly foam; the sky with its unapproachable designs and subtlety by pink sunsets and misty clouds; womanhood by Bond Street complexions and soft curls. Mr. Murray Smith is of the few who suggest closer communion with the Real in Nature: his "Sentinel of the Plain" and "Canal Bridge" deal with things more permanent and essential. In his somewhat mannered key he reveals sincere emotion and perception of the significant. Speaking from memory I should hazard that Sir Alfred East painted the best version of his "Lever Park" somewhere about 1898; then it was called the "Valley of the Nene", and its tree forms meant something more than snaky lines.

Sir W. B. Richmond's show at the Fine Arts is interesting. It represents so many shades of belief that one wonders where conviction really lies. A chronological study of the eminent Academician's phases would be illuminating. My general impression is that his work of many years ago is the best in the exhibition—pieces like "The Castle, Assisi", and "On the Banks of the Tiber". Costa, Leighton, Harpignies, and Whistler: a catholic enough embrace. In the long run Leighton won, and Sir W. B. Richmond is the eminent author of *les morceaux de la grande peinture* that annually hang in Room III. at the Academy. But if he had come out this year, say, with some of these presumably early landscapes, we should feel that his work showed pleasant promise. Its sense of paint, style, colour, and even design strikes one agreeably; its lack of bulk and projection and of well-apprehended form in the mountains, might, in these circumstances, be looked upon as curable. The emotion in these early pieces is genuine and even to-day unusual. But Leightonism won.

Is this but one more of the innumerable instances of painters whose slightest and most private work will ultimately count for more than their pretentious publications? The Dutch seventeenth century landscape school is full of them, and our Constable and, with im-

portant reservations, Turner are prominent examples. Something of this feeling is inevitable with Ford Madox Brown's small glowing landscapes that express what Maurice Denis means to say, whereas his more celebrated pieces are, many of them, evaporating. The elaborate exhibition canvases of these, and indeed most painters have evaporated, leaving a kind of ground work or shell like the frames of disinfectant tablets; their spontaneous sketches, on the other hand, enfold an imperishable spirit, capable of communicating life in any age. Such a Constable is the little "Flatford Mill" in Messrs. Maclean's exhibition. Since it was painted movements whose speciality was light and air have waxed and faded, each adding to our heritage of fresh achievements. But no intervening discovery has power to rob this sketch of its revealing virtue, to shelve it as old-fashioned. As living and more poignant is the emotion in a little unusual Crome, No. 79, whose very essence is its inexplicability. The subject makes no show (it is, I imagine, an early work), and no considered appeals; it simply convinces one of its author's authentic communion with the life that makes Nature so inexhaustible, so far beyond our limited resources. I know of no picture that expresses more of the particular aspect this little canvas modestly attempted. I do not think its sense of light magically, transfiguringly drifting, of light's mystery and shadow's mystery has been exactly equalled. And after all it is a little quiet picture with a badly drawn cottage in the middle and many minute facts that any Royal Academician or British Artist could triumphantly improve on.

Such authentic contact with Nature's life and spirit is unfailingly fertile. In this carefully picked exhibition we can see how even the small fry, the Vincents, Dawsons, Callcotts, sometimes rose out of their dependent mannerisms and achieved this contact for themselves. "The Farm" by Vincent, whose large formal pictures are so dull, is fresh and vital, the equal of any Dutch landscape in the second rank. A comparatively rare minor British master, Shaw, not represented in this show, has this knack of reaching high and pulling himself up to unexpected levels.

Mr. Harrington Mann is exhibiting children-portraits at Messrs. Knoedler's. His portraiture may be nicely suited to his clients' needs; for a parallel we might look back to Kneller's portraits of late seventeenth century children. The same vogue for having little girls painted as precociously as possible, with the bored air of blasé women, caused Sir Godfrey to turn out most irritating things. They strike us now as deplorably affected and old-fashioned, though in their day no doubt they seemed deliciously "tony". When the present style in grown-up ladies' millinery is as obsolete as the pseudo-classic dress of the 1690's, and the present type of precocity is as amusingly old-fashioned, Mr. Mann's modish canvases will strike our descendants as Kneller's now strike us. They are not, however, as well painted.

THE MOOR.

THE world's gone forward to its latest fair
And dropt an old man done with by the way,
To sit alone among the bats and stare
At miles and miles and miles of moorland bare
Lit only with last shreds of dying day.

Not all the world, not all the world's gone by;
Old man, you're like to meet one traveller still,
A journeyman well kenned for courtesy
To all that walk at odds with life and limb;
If this be he now riding up the hill
Maybe he'll stop and take you up with him. . . .

"But thou art Death?" "Of Heavenly Seraphim
None else to seek thee out and bid thee come."
"I only care that thou art come from Him,
Unbody me—I'm tired—and get me home."

RALPH HODGSON.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

IT is regarded by professional jurists as a fine piece of scientific work when a number of pieces of thin and doubtful evidence are so linked together as to form a chain strong enough to drag a man to the gallows. It is impossible that it should be otherwise; a good craftsman loves his craft. But when we are dealing with human life the composition of that chain must be very carefully scrutinised, and the craft with which it is constructed becomes a secondary matter.

It has up to now been regarded as a cardinal point in murder cases either to connect the weapon with which the deed was done with the prisoner in some way, or, in the case of poisons, to prove either that he was in possession of them at some time, or that, by reason of his profession, he was likely to have been in possession of them and familiar with their action. The whole question of capital punishment, for or against, is not involved here, wide as is the difference of opinion with regard to it; but it has always been hitherto agreed, both by the advocates and opponents of that system, that the very greatest care should be exercised in administering it, and that the sentence should never be carried out where there can be any reasonable dispute about the grounds. Owing, however, to the decision of the Court of Appeal in the Seddon case, that safeguard has been removed. It will henceforth be possible to convict a man of poisoning without showing an atom of proof that he ever administered the poison, that he ever administered anything that might have contained it, or that he ever possessed or knew anything about its qualities. Some even may regard this as an advance in the administration of justice; but as one who listened to every word of the Seddon trial from the Attorney-General's opening up to the dismissal of the appeal, I can only say that I regard it as a retrogression.

I believe that the jury convicted Seddon, not on evidence—for such evidence as there was was stronger against his wife—but on prejudice. He is, as I read him, the very type of man least likely to receive justice at the hands of a jury. He is hard, disagreeable, astute, and unprepossessing in every way. But he has all the qualities that in the minds of the average juryman make for success—industry, fidelity to his employers, thrift, enterprise, intelligence, frugality, and capacity. He is a professedly religious man, and has been a local preacher in his sect. He was extremely exact about money. His true god, indeed, was Business; and the ritual of cash-boxes and account-books, the commercial formulae of copying and casting up accounts and balancing books, and so forth, were all scrupulously observed by him. He is, indeed, one of the most disagreeable types known to me; but one of the types, remember, that make for the prosperity of our middle class. Now none of us loves his own qualities when he sees them reflected in others; we often do not recognise the reflection as being like ourselves. In Seddon these twelve men were looking at a combination of their own qualities, qualities carried to a higher power than the average; and of course they did not like them. In the world (and especially if he had been working in their interest or employment) they would have respected him for a hard-headed business man; in the dock, how shocked they were by these very same qualities!

And that is where the prejudice came in. I speak only of the personal prejudice; other people are more competent to deal with the legal prejudice. Seddon, in fact, is the kind of man of whom one is predisposed to believe ill. Very well, you say; that is character, and very properly goes against him. But Seddon was not in the dock for his character to be judged, but was there in order that the jury might consider from the evidence brought before them whether he committed certain definite acts which he was alleged to have committed. My own feeling (and I had exactly the same material for forming it as the jury had) is that I think, on general human grounds, that Seddon may have committed this murder; but I am quite sure that it has not been proved that he has. I am not convinced of

his innocence, but neither am I convinced of his guilt. For if Miss Barrow had, in fact, in the morbid and raging thirst which was a symptom of her ailment, scooped up and drunk a cupful of this poisonous liquid, or if the boy Grant had given it to her in one of her paroxysms of thirst (and little boys do queer things), or if in any one of half a dozen ways it had accidentally got into her food, not one word of this case would have been different. The evidence would have been exactly the same; the whole story of the prosecution would stand in exactly the same words. The whole great superstructure of argument that has been built up rests really on a pinpoint of speculation, and it stands equally well whether Seddon gave the poison or whether the woman drank it herself. And it is because everything that I heard was equally in accordance with the guilt or innocence of Seddon that I personally could not have convicted him.

It is here that the deadly operations of the juryman's mind come in. The smiling, man-of-the-world question, "Really, gentlemen, is it likely?"—nothing is so damning as that. As if everything that happens were likely! As if there were not things happening every day in our own ordinary lives so unlikely that we should not believe them until positive proof forces us to. That is where circumstantial evidence as a weapon of justice seems to me a little dangerous. It assumes the ordinary, whereas the extraordinary is quite constantly happening.

When the jury retired to consider their verdict they were in this dilemma: their brains were saturated with alternating presentations of the same set of facts now bearing one construction, now another; their minds—and I give them credit for having seriously tried to examine the evidence—were occupied with two sets of ideas, ideas of suspicion and ideas of doubt. Thus two mental sensations were so evenly balanced that no single verdict could have satisfied both of them. But in their vague illogical way they saw that it was possible to satisfy them. The man and the woman were both on trial; "We will convict the man and acquit the woman". That verdict satisfied both their mental sensations; but it was an emotional and not a logical satisfaction, and they knew that it would please the Judge and satisfy the Attorney-General. That is, in my view, the psychology of this verdict; and, in spite of what all the professional lawyers engaged in the case may say, I think it a worthless one. Mrs. Seddon had far more opportunity than her husband, and otherwise the case was equally strong against her. Yet no one really thought that she had murdered Miss Barrow, and no one could have even pretended to be sure that Seddon had done so if he were not such a repellent man. Remember, there are only two alternatives: Seddon must be guilty or he must be innocent. You might get the right verdict by having no trial at all and spinning a coin; and equally you might get the wrong verdict by accident after the finest trial in the world; and, even if Seddon were now reprieved and were five years hence to confess that in fact he had committed this murder, I should still think the verdict had been a wrong one, and that for the purpose of justice there had not been evidence enough of his guilt advanced.

I am not one of those who attack the administration of our criminal law as a whole. Crime interests me, and I give as much time as I can to the study of it; and I doubt whether there is anywhere more enlightened and humane justice to be found than in our ordinary Criminal Courts. But I do make an exception in the case of trials for capital offences. I think that the ordinary jury is totally unfit to judge one of these great inferential cases, where they are not so much required to deal with people's actions or the credibility of witnesses as to weigh motives and make subtle deductions and inferences from conduct. For this purpose a knowledge of the psychology of hundreds of human types is required, and this knowledge the ordinary juryman does not possess. The result of this case has been thoroughly to shake my faith in the jury as an instrument of justice, and in the propriety of hanging my fellow-men on thin circumstantial evidence. There is no sentiment in the matter at all. There are many

criminals, to put an end to whose existence is both a mercy to themselves and a justice to society. But the risk of hanging the wrong man seems to me a risk that should in no case be run.

BADAJOZ.

6 APRIL 1812.

BY COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

THE Fort of Badajoz is to be attacked at 10 o'clock to-night."

So ran the opening lines of Wellington's orders, issued on the afternoon of 5 April 1812, only a few hours before the actual assault, for one of the most desperate and sanguinary operations in which a British Army—or any other army belonging to a civilised Power—has ever been engaged.

That it was the death-warrant to a vast number of those by whom it was received, and received with stern exultation, conveys but little. Not a man among Wellington's soldiers who received this order could have failed to realise that it meant, not only the death-warrant of a host of his comrades, and, likely enough, of himself also, but a death-warrant which would be put into execution before the dawn of another day.

But such is the true temperament of a fighting man. Nor were our gallant foes, the French garrison, less ready for the fray and its inevitable consequences. An eye-witness of the scene that night, William Napier, has told us how "the British were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down, and both were alike terrible in their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts. . . . The possession of Badajoz had become a matter of personal honour with the soldiers of each nation, but the desire of glory with the British was dashed by a hatred of the citizens on an old grudge; and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage. . . . Thus every spirit found a cause for excitement, the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and in the pride of arms none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury".

With men such as these, is it to be wondered at that the reckless gallantry of the assailants, the heroic devotion of the defenders, as well as the widely advertised orgy of pillage and destruction which followed upon the successful assault, seem to us who read of them, one hundred years later, as well-nigh incredible? It is needless to repeat here more than the outline of the events which preceded the fall of Badajoz. Wellington, after his splendid success at Ciudad Rodrigo on 19 January, had taken steps to prevent the junction of the French marshals, whilst he marched on Badajoz to lay siege to it. Marmont, upon hearing of the loss of Ciudad Rodrigo, had fallen back on Salamanca, where he was busy collecting troops with which to attempt its recapture, whilst Soult, to the southward, confident in the strength of Badajoz to resist assault, was occupied in concentrating his scattered forces in sufficient strength to attack the victorious British Commander.

It was the middle of March when Wellington appeared before Badajoz, and on the night of the 17th he broke ground in front of the outlying fort of La Picurina. Forty-eight hours later, General Phillipon, the French Commander, made a vigorous sortie; much blood was shed on both sides, and the French were driven back. On the 25th the British batteries opened fire on La Picurina, and on the following night it was stormed by 500 resolute men from the 3rd Division, belonging to the 74th, 77th, and 83rd Regiments. For this hazardous undertaking Wellington ordered an Engineer officer and eight sappers, carrying hatchets and ladders, to guide each of the three columns of attack, with fifty volunteers provided with axes from the ubiquitous Light Division, to support them. The attack was delivered on both flanks as well as on the salient of the work, and for a time

the assailants were held at bay. Napier describes how the axe-men of the Light Division, compassing the fort like prowling wolves, soon discovered the gate, and, hewing it down, broke in by the rear. The attacking columns, in spite of heavy losses, made good their entry, and after some desperate hand-to-hand fighting, in which half of the devoted garrison were slain, the Commander, Gaspar Thierry, and the eighty-six valiant Frenchmen who remained alive, surrendered. Nineteen British officers and 300 men were killed or wounded in this affair.

The capture of this important advanced post was a gain of five or six days for Wellington, who at once occupied it in force, and constructed breaching batteries bearing upon the main enceinte of the place. The course of the siege is well described by Lieutenant George Simmons, of the 95th or Rifle Regiment, who, in his journal, notes that on 4 April he was with a party of his Riflemen "behind the advanced sap and had an opportunity of doing some mischief. Three or four heavy cannon that the enemy were working were doing frightful execution among our artillery-men in their advanced batteries. I selected several good shots and fired into the embrasures. In half an hour I found the guns did not go off so frequently as before I commenced this practice, and, soon after, gabions were stuffed into each embrasure to prevent our rifle balls from entering. . . . I was so delighted at the practice I was making against Johnny that I kept it up from daylight to dark with forty as prime fellows as ever pulled trigger".

It was now that Soult's movements decided Wellington to lose no time in gaining possession of the fortress. On the morning of 5 April the breaches in front of Fort Picurina were reported practicable by the Engineers. The left breach was in the flank of a bastion known as Santa Maria, the right breach was in the San Trinidad bastion opposite, whilst in the curtain connecting the two there was a third—a yawning chasm. All was now ready for a combat that a witness of it has described as "so fiercely fought, so terribly won, so dreadful in all its circumstances, that posterity can scarcely be expected to credit the tale".

Phillipon had retrenched the whole front in rear of the shattered bastions and crumbling curtain, but Wellington was well aware of this and had realised the desperate resistance which would be encountered at these points. So it was that he supplemented the assault on these breaches at the south-east angle of the fortress, a duty which he had assigned to the Fourth Division under Colville and the Light Division under Barnard, by other attacks. Picton with his Third Division was to escalade and assault the Castle at the north-east corner, and Leith, with the Fifth Division, was to attack the San Vincente bastion at the north-west corner. A minor attack was ordered on the ravelin of San Roque, midway between the Castle and the main attack, and false attacks were ordered on the Pardeleras outwork on the west and also on the north side across the Guadiana. Owing to the French detecting the approach of the Third Division, the assault on the Castle took place half an hour earlier than the hour named, whilst the attack of the Fifth Division on the San Vincente bastion was unavoidably delayed. After desperate fighting the Castle was stormed, and the Fifth Division also broke into the place. Meanwhile an appalling drama was being enacted at the main breaches, where the Fourth and Light Divisions delivered their attacks.

Simmons, in his matter-of-fact way, writes: "My old captain, Major O'Hare, was to lead the Stormers. I wanted to go with him, but those senior to me demanded it as their right. . . . Our Storming party was soon hotly engaged. Our columns moved down under a most dreadful fire of grape, which mowed down our men like grass. We tore down the palisading and got upon the glacis. The havoc now became dreadful. My captain (Gray) was shot in the mouth. Eight or ten officers and men innumerable fell. Ladders were resting against the counterscarp within the ditch.

Down these we hurried, and as fast as we got down, rushed forward to the breaches, where a most frightful scene of carnage was going on. . . .

Napier describes this scene :

" Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, chained together and set deep in the ruins. . . ."

Simmons continues : " The ditch now, from the place where we entered to near the top of the breaches, was covered with dead and dying soldiers. . . . We were ordered to leave the ditch and move away from the works. The Light Division formed up on the plain. . . . Here we observed the Third Division assailing the Castle and escalading the walls. . . . The Castle being taken, the town was commanded. . . . I was lying upon the grass by my comrades, having the most gloomy thoughts of the termination of this sad affair, when a Staff officer rode up and said, ' Lord Wellington orders the Light Division to return immediately and attack the breaches'. We moved back to this bloody work as if nothing had happened. . . . We entered the ditches and passed over the bodies of our brave fellows who had fallen and dashed at the breaches. Only a few random shots were now fired, and we entered without opposition. Firing was now going on in several parts of the town, and we were not long in chiming in with the rest of them. The prisoners were secured and the place given up to be plundered. . . . When the day dawned I went to see the breaches. . . . I saw my poor friend, Major O'Hare, lying dead upon the breach. Two or three musket balls had passed through his breast. A gallant fellow, Sergeant Fleming, was also dead by his side, a man who had always been with him. I called to remembrance poor O'Hare's last words just before he marched off to lead the advance. He shook me by the hand, saying : ' *A lieutenant-colonel or cold meat in a few hours*'. I was now gazing on his body lying stretched and naked among thousands more".

In this terrible assault no less than sixty officers and over 700 men were slain, the total casualties at the three points attacked amounting to over 3500. Napier well gauges the severity of the struggle at the breach by the fact that the 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry lost more than the whole seven regiments of the Third Division which had stormed the Castle with such heroism and had suffered so heavily. The third regiment of the Light Division, the 95th Rifles, lost nine officers and sixty men killed and fourteen officers and nigh 300 men wounded.

Worthily has the praise of Wellington's men who performed this astounding feat of arms been hymned. For, so long as the British Army exists, will Napier's glorious epilogue endure as a testimony of heroism that seems almost past belief. " Who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers ! the noble emulation of the officers ! Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, of O'Hare of the 95th, who perished on the breach at the head of the Stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service ! Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese Grenadier who was killed, the foremost man at the Santa Maria ? or the martial fury of that desperate Rifleman who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets ! "

Eighteen of our incomparable regiments of infantry, in recognition of the brilliant services of their forebears who were present on this historic occasion, are permitted to wear the glorious name " Badajoz " on their Colours and Appointments. It was to gain this, that sixty British officers and 700 gallant men so freely laid down their lives on that dark night in April, one hundred years ago, on the banks of the Guadiana.

Who indeed can measure the glory of an " Honour " thus desperately achieved ?

Yet it has remained for Lord Haldane, a complacent lawyer, as a forlorn hope to improve recruiting, with the cringeing acquiescence of an Army Council, mostly ignorant of, and consequently despising, all regimental tradition, on the recommendation of the Military Correspondent of the " Times ", to " approve " of this glorious Honour being worn on the Colours and Appointments of our moribund militia called the Special Reserve !

PROSPERO'S DUKEDOM.

AMONG the crowd of anthologies which bore the genuine book-lover there has been singularly little tribute to the charm and solace of books. " Literary gossip " to-day is similarly indifferent, resolving itself largely to the expert eye into publishers' paragraphs, sentences which take no account of the books we return to, the delights of the second-hand stall and the collector, of completing a set of a favourite author, or securing a good book for fourpence.

A spurious Waverley novel in old calf, unblushingly exhibiting Sir Walter's name as author, and a fat volume combining with " The Vicar of Wakefield " " The Man of Feeling ", that " Gothic " story " The Castle of Otranto ", and " The Old English Baron ", dedicated to Richardson's daughter, may cause as much pleasure as the up-to-date romance. " The Pleader's Guide : a Didactic Poem ", containing Mr. Surrebuter's lectures and the arguments of counsellors Bother'um and Bore'um, a seventh edition of 1815 ; an early Coleridge in which the wicked printer has perpetrated the misprint,

" Slush ! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever ",

where the poet wrote " Hush " ; a " Redgauntlet " in three volumes and the luxurious type of the Ballantynes —here is food for the happy reader who is not " up-to-date ". Pamphlets, too, are sometimes treasures, such as " The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector ", otherwise " Concordance Cruden ", a sixpennyworth of 1754. Herein he foretells " that Alexander's Afflictions are designed by Divine Providence to be an Introduction and Preparation to his being a Joseph and a prosperous Man ". The said afflictions were severe, for the Corrector, as he always calls himself, was confined in a Chelsea madhouse, forced into a strait waistcoat, and had milk-porridge poured down his throat—an early instance of forcible feeding. Anyone can read what he likes, and the wisdom of that course is commended by more than one bookman in " The Book-Lovers' Anthology ", which the Oxford University Press has recently published. It represents the catholic tastes of the compiler, Mr. R. M. Leonard, and a deal of fine, if rather confused, feeding which is excellent for the fireside. " The Book-Lovers' Enchiridion " of Alexander Ireland was the last worthy collection of the kind, so that Mr. Leonard has really filled a gap. Mr. Lang and Mr. Austin Dobson can write delightfully about books, but we suppose they would have not a sufficient public nowadays. The world wants gossip about actors and actresses, sex problems in novels, and twaddle about anyone who has caught the public eye. Also it gets, though we doubt if it wants, réchauffés of the Renaissance, and history distorted by the birds of paradox who flaunt their gaudy and frequently borrowed plumes before a gaping public. There is very little arrangement in Mr. Leonard's crowd of witnesses, but there are two indexes of authors and some pertinent and entertaining notes. He has included so much of all sorts that everyone should be pleased. Here are verse and prose, Cicero and Cobbett, Herrick and Hobbes, Dante and Dryden, and abundant selections from Bacon and Emerson, Leigh Hunt, Milton, and Shakespeare. The last is in too scrappy a form to please us, and shows Mr. Leonard yielding unworthily to the call for the snippet. There is a pleasant seasoning of foreign letters, but more might have been

gathered in this way. Including Goethe, how could anyone miss the book-lover's tribute in "Faust"?

"How soon the eye is tired of woods and fields!
I envy not the very birds their wings.
Far otherwise the pleasures of the spirit
Bear us from book to book, from page to page!
So winter-nights grow bright and beautiful;
A happy sense of life warms every limb;
And, ah! a precious parchment, once unrolled,
Will bring you all the heavens down to earth."

The living are outside the scheme of the book, but, except for the absence of Newman and Jowett, the tributes of many centuries near and far away are aptly representative. We find George Gissing getting up early to read the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller, as Johnson did to read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy", Eliza Cook rhapsodising with too easy a fluency on old story books, "Erewhon" Butler humorously persisting that he cannot write at the British Museum unless he has, by way of a desk or prop, Frost's "Lives of Eminent Christians".

The wisdom of Sir Arthur Helps and the Hare brothers, whose book the irreverent undergraduate used to call "Bosses at Truth", is a little tedious and outshone by the epigrams of Colton's "Lacoon". That strange author was once a Fellow of King's, Cambridge, and a clergyman, left his living, turned gambler, went to America, and finally committed suicide at Fontainebleau. Our copy of his reflections is of 1822, and the fifteenth edition. The preface begins thus: "There are three difficulties in authorship—to write anything worth publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and to get sensible men to read it. Literature has now become a game, in which the Booksellers are the Kings, the Critics the Knaves, the Public the Pack, and the poor Author the mere Table or Thing played upon".

Verse is copiously represented as well as prose, and not the least happy things are those which proceed from authors of no great mark, though Landor shines in some concise, clear-cut lyrics. Thus T. H. Bayly neatly hits off that rage for the nobility which presents so many heroes and heroines in fiction with titles. We have now plenty of the

"Novel,
A story of elegant life;
No stuff about love in a hovel,
No sketch of a commoner's wife".

Disraeli represents a lady as "guanoing" her mind by reading French novels, and advises the reading of biography only. But Thackeray calls novels sweets, which all people with healthy literary appetites love—almost all women, and a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. We have pointed out the omission of Jowett. That wise don, who tells us that Disraeli had read "Pride and Prejudice" seventeen times, wrote himself to a lady in 1888: "There are few ways in which people can be better employed than in reading a good novel (I do not say that they should do nothing else). If you ever feel out of spirits bury yourself in a novel". The hero in Tennyson's "Maud" exclaims: "I will bury myself in myself, and the devil may pipe to his own". The reading of the first edition of the poem "I will bury myself in my books" seems happier, that is, if the gloomy young man had any idea of preserving his sanity. "Me, poor man, my library was dukedom large enough" is the comment of Prospero, and, apart from the reprints which make the wisdom of the ancients no less accessible than Victorian successes, the collector with a lean purse can find his bargains on the second-hand bookstalls—books well worth reading and sometimes enriched with curious notes. The real collector, who follows the fashion of the day, and speculates in books which would be spoilt by being cut or read, is not often a lover of their interior. But the lesser fry have a more immediate and sensible use for their treasures. Sometimes, too, the older editions are the better. No Horace has so good an index as that we picked out of a row of ragged

volumes, and cherish, if only because the title-page bears the pencil note "2 Odes per diem; to be taken after breakfast". Here was a scholar's book, belonging to the Oxford of 1838. What tragi-comedy, one wonders, lay behind the comment on the Ode to Pyrrha, "Admirable, and all true—except the manly tears"? Was he upset on the river with Pyrrha, or did she braid her yellow locks for one more attentive to the voice of busy common-sense who read something more immediately lucrative than Horace after breakfast?

THE HEXAMETERS OF THE AUTHORISED VERSION.

WE have all been accustomed to say—and some of us have even thought—that the hexameter was entirely foreign to the genius of English verse. It has become almost an axiom. Even in Greek or Latin, the proper media of the classical verse-form, it is not easy to write good hexameters—unless, indeed, you are a genius. But in English—why, the foot-hills of Parnassus are strewn with the bleaching bones of the adventurers who have made the great experiment. It is true that a great many poets have made valiant endeavours. Ascham, Philip Sidney, and lesser men amongst the ancients; and amongst the poets of a later date, in the nineteenth century, Coleridge, and Southey at first, with Clough and Kingsley amongst the smaller men, and Browning and Swinburne as the giants. (We may omit Longfellow with his exasperatingly American "Evangeline".) Swinburne, of course, in his brilliantly audacious way, has written not only hexameters but also rhymed elegiacs. Browning, as a composer of hexameters, is certainly at his best in "Ixion". There are some good lines in Kingsley's "Andromeda", and if anyone reads Clough to-day, he would certainly discover some passages of real beauty in the "Boethie". And now there is Mr. Way's "Odyssey". Yet is it not true, when all is said, and the ultimate concession made, we resent the hexameter as something alien from the genius of the language? Southey, you may remember, asserted, amongst other reasons, that the difficulty lies in the fact that there are no real spondees in the English language, giving the word "Egypt" as the only exception. A good strong final syllable has, apparently, to take the place of the real spondee.

Is it not the more remarkable, then, that the compilers of the Authorised Version should have hopped on so many really excellent hexameters? Southey also discovered one of them, though he admits his indebtedness to a Bishop of Salisbury, who had anticipated him in the amazed recognition of the familiar verse,

"Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?",

as an excellent hexameter. There, it would seem, their discoveries stopped short. Both pious men, it is possible that they read their Bible only for edification, and not in search of English verse-forms. There are, however, many others to be found by those who look for them; more, indeed, than we had suspected, until, thinking the present-day interest in the tercentenary celebrations of the Authorised Version a fitting moment for the investigation, we set ourselves the pleasant task of collating them. Even now we suspect we shall not exhaust the list.

The Psalms contain a good number, apart from the one already quoted. Everyone will remember this, not having realised its metre:

"God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet".

Then in the ixth Psalm we have this:

"Thou hast rebuked the heathen, Thou hast destroyed the wicked".

In the xviiith:

"At Thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of Thy nostrils".

And the lxxxiind, v. 7 :

" But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes ".

In Job xxi. 24, with a pardonable anacrusis, one has this :

" His breasts are full of milk and his bones are moistened with marrow ".

Ten or eleven chapters later, in that most marvellous piece of Hebraic poetry we find Elihu speaking in the same measure. He is mentioned also in an hexameter :

" Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu, the son of Barachel "—

if the spondaic accent be permissible. At any rate in the next chapter but one, he demanded with bitter emphasis :

" What man is like Job, who drinketh up scorning like water? "

And earlier in the book one finds the pathetic line :

" Small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master ".

It is, however, in certain of the Prophetic books that the lyrical impulse seems to have been most strongly present with the translators. In the magnificent fourteenth chapter of Isaiah from which Ruskin quoted so effectively in "Sesame and Lilies" there is a sequence of verses that are perfect hexameters. It is surely allowable so to describe the first of the series :

" Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us ".

One would like to claim in the category the anapaestic pentameter that follows so closely :

" Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols ".

but there is no doubt about the immediately sequent verses :

" How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning !

" How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations !

" For thou hast said in thy heart ' I will ascend to Heaven ;

" I will exalt my throne above the stars of God ;

" I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation ' ".

A pedantic pedagogue, no doubt, might take exception to the trochees which replace the proper dactyls in the last two verses ; and it would be easy to match them in any of the poems one has been taught to consider respectable hexameters. In chapter liii. of the same prophet we have another line that is not open to the same reproach :

" We did esteem Him smitten, stricken of God and afflicted ".

In the books of Jeremiah and Ezekiel also, hexameters are to be found. In the first we have (iv. 13) :

" He shall come up as clouds, and his chariot shall be as a whirlwind ".

And in the second (vii. 26) :

" Mischief shall come upon mischief, and rumour shall be upon rumour ".

That is the last verse of this kind that we have been able to discover in the Old Testament, and a search in the Apocrypha has yielded no results. In the New Testament they are by no means lacking. In the first Gospel, St. John Baptist sends his disciples to Christ saying :

" Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another? "

And, as might almost be expected, the gorgeous imagery of the Book of the Revelation contains several beautiful verses. Is it, for instance, unreasonable to

describe these as hexameters, since the arsis in the fifth word in the first line is almost demanded by the rhythm ?

" These are they who came out of great tribulation, And have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood,

" Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him.

" They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ".

These verses from the seventh chapter are succeeded in the twentieth by quite a perfect line :

" Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection ".

In the final chapter—the penultimate one ending up, by the way, with some beautiful anapaests, which one might almost claim as hexameters beginning with a pyrrhic foot—one has this :

" And they shall see His Face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads, And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, Neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light ".

Professor Mayor, in his most interesting "Chapters on English Metre", makes, in the section on hexameters and pentameters, the naive observation that one or two hexameters "have been discovered" in the Authorised Version. We have shown that there are more than one or two.

THE BACK WAY SOUTH.

BY CHARLES BOYD.

I AM taking the quiet back way out of Scotland. You know there are three lines, and over their several merits Scotsmen differ as they do on points of ritual or religion. Thus, over the East Coast, West Coast and the Midland route are deep divisions, estranging families. One of my brothers esteems the Midland, and will travel North or South no other way ; others would as soon be damned as go home through Derbyshire. I fancy an orthodox feeling in every family of the Invaders, from which its members revolt as individual passion leads them, yet do so at spiritual peril, as with a guilty conscience. So Gartmore, of his race and place, is sealed of Euston, Preston and Carstairs, and met me one day of August last shamefacedly on board of a Great Northern carriage. He had been all high spirits till his eyes met mine ; henceforth he laughed it off, but with a mind uneasy, while my own conscience was at rest. Ah ! that old conflict between the members and the will ! Romance—let F. make the most of it—dwells by the Waverley route, eternal. And here—by vagrom appetite—I scribble from a white and chocolate carriage on the North-Western. But well I know in my heart, that I ought to be flying South by that open gateway of the East Coast and the cathedrals ; solemnly come forth of Edinburgh, from under the Calton Hill and the Shadow of Arthur's Seat ; presently to cross Tweed tremendously at Berwick, and so pass from my country to yours in open and dramatic fashion.

That is where conscience urges. But then how pleasant this quiet back-door—obscure, without fuss, and not tremulous with associations like Via Sacra—as one slips off in the grey afternoon by Corstorphine to be lost presently in the pastoral quiet of Lanark and the south-west. Always here the same sense of untrdden ways—names unfamiliar to the ear of Eastland Scot, Symington, Abington, Craufurd ; and, blotted with rain, the great round-shouldered hills and lonely sheep-runs. So we run towards the Border in an eerie grey light touched with blue, and hills leave us and fall behind, and there be woods, touched with autumn tints, in their stead, and here and there the glimpse of

a swift river. When precisely one gets into England I have never quite made out: this comes of course of going forth from your own land by back doors. But, somewhere after a brightening in the sky, then a distinctly broken silver line on your right denoted Solway, on whose sands in the eye of fancy Red Gauntlet spurs his black horse—ugh! amid the flying platforms don't I discern the name of Rockliff (or something poisonous); and henceforth brick for honest stone and all the other signs of a strange land, till one rattles into Carlisle? Annandale is behind us, and any of these cottages, whitewashed, solitary and low, which one remarked vaguely half an hour before, might have been Mainhill. Mr. Froude described the situation as "high, utterly bleak, and swept by all the winds. Not a tree shelters the premises; the fences are low, the wind permitting nothing to grow but stunted thorn. The view alone redeems the dreariness of the situation. On the left is the great hill of Burnswark; on the right is Hoddam Hill, with a tower of repentance on its crest, and the wooded slopes which mark the line of the river. Beyond, towers up Criffel, and in the far distance Skiddaw, Saddleback and Helvellyn, and the high Cumberland ridges on the track of the Roman Wall."

But there lived Carlyle's father and mother, with their eight children: a name and type it were base not to recall as we were carried through their country-side. In truth, Milton was a presence not more needed to Wordsworth's hour than True Thomas to this our own. What would he say to the coal strike, and to all the other signs of our muddle and perplexities? Some of his recorded remarks on the tendency of Democracy suggest that he might begin by reminding us (more than once) that "he told us so". But that reverently admitted, he might have something to say to our generation, to which perchance even Labour would listen. Ah! our generation, what would he make of it, he whose own kith and kin were "toughness and springiness of steel", making little marvel of their circumstances, "often without food or fuel"? He would behold a world, with all the components of what he roundly qualified as damnation infinitely multiplied, a single industry holding up a nation and paralysing its Government. He would find the ranks of that industry, not only in Wales but in his own country, populous with Poles. "A friend was arguing on the peoples' right to decide this or that and, when Carlyle dissented, asked who was to be the judge. Carlyle fiercely answered 'Hell fire will be the judge, God Almighty will be the Judge now and always'". And again, "Of the theory of equality of voting, the good and the bad on the same level, Judas Iscariot and Paul of Tarsus counting equal at the polling booth, the annals of human infatuation, he used to say, did not contain the equal. Sometimes he thought that we are given over and lost without remedy; that we should rot away through inglorious centuries, sinking ever deeper into anarchy, protected by our strip of sea from a violent end, till the earth was weary of us. At other times, the inherent manliness of the English race, inherited from nobler ages, and not yet rinsed out of them, gave him hopes that we might yet be delivered".

One thinks at least that he would say that things had moved quicker towards crisis than he had feared in his darkest moment. And one fancies his asking "Well now, what like are your people with the bayonet at their back?"

Who could answer him? I know what they were still in Scotland five-and-twenty years ago. And while the train crashes through the Lowther country upon Lancaster and all the rest southward, there comes into my mind a figure of these past years, with head and mournful visage, not unlike Carlyle's own, long forgotten and now as suddenly remembered. Him I saw only once, but then under trial, and he was not by way of being a hero, but typical of his kind and day and country-side. It was in that Fife, "with its ancient little burghs and sea-villages", where Carlyle discovered "a pleasant, honest kind of fellow-mortals, something of quietly fruitful and of good old Scotch, in

their works and ways, more vernacular, peaceably fixed, and almost genial in their mode of life than I had been used to in the Border homeland".

This was the manner of our acquaintance. In the ancient town of Crail, in the East Neuk of the ancient Kingdom, it fell to me to have shared his midday meal with a sporting local physician. We were sitting smoking after luncheon, having ridden far together round the coast past many red-roofed little towns, when the doctor was called away to see a patient. Presently he returned to me with a troubled face. An old small farmer of the neighbourhood had come over in his gig, driven by his daughter, to consult the doctor about something the matter with his foot. He had taken off his boot, and my friend at once perceived that there was some growth in the foot, which ought probably to be cut away then and there. He had proposed an anaesthetic, but the farmer would not have it. He explained that he had something the matter with his heart, and for his family's sake he must take no chances. "And now", said my host, "I should advise you"—I was but a youth at the time—"to walk down to the sea. I have told his daughter to come back in half an hour, and for you, I think, it would be better to be out of doors than in." There he left me, and in no comfortable mood I went forth. Presently to be recalled.

"I am very sorry", said my friend, "but absolutely I shall need you. I want you to come in with me to the surgery and to place your hand where I tell you, and then to keep your eye on the wall and your head away from me."

And in the surgery was the patient, grey-headed, old, and pretty pale, his foot bare and his trouser stripped to the knee. "Now once more", said the doctor, presenting me, "I think you had better have a little chloroform. I have told this gentleman, who will act as my assistant, that you are a very obstinate man. Won't you change your mind?"

... I put my right hand over the lower part of the foot and pressed as hard as I could and kept my eyes fixed to the wall, and head averted. I heard breath taken in sharply, but the foot did not move nor tremble, only something hot like tea ran over my hand. And then the knife's work being done, the doctor—he was a dominant person and is now eminent—moved back, moved forward, bent again, and there was the sizzle of hot steel against flesh. It was over. I still kept my hands and my head as I was ordered. Then the doctor was on his knees, a big man dexterous as a conjurer with bandages, and the old man was sipping something out of a wine glass. He would take very little brandy. "I seldom taste", he said apologetically. Very white, I remember him, and—dear God!—concerned as one who had given trouble and caused pain. And as with a clean handkerchief the doctor mopped the damp forehead he shook the patient by the hand. "You are a brave man", he said, "now tell us how old you are." But that tragic old head shook twice. The pallid face flushed pink. "It's with me as with the young ladies, gentlemen, I'd rather not say."

Of such were plain Scotsmen, five-and-twenty years ago.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SYNDICALISM v. SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

House of Commons, 2 April 1912.

SIR,—In your editorial notes of last Saturday's issue you refer to my speech in the House of Commons on 27 March and suggest that I unwittingly confused Syndicalism and Socialism. The whole point of my speech was to show that Syndicalism was a new and much more dangerous form of Socialism than Collectivism, which most people regard as the only form of Socialism. Collectivism, Communism and Syndicalism are all products of the same movement and are based upon the same theories of "capital" and "value". My sole object was to answer the Chancellor of the

Exchequer's erroneous contention that Socialism was the best policeman of Syndicalism. The truth is that Socialists are sowing the seed and Syndicalists will reap the harvest. Both Syndicalists and Socialists, more correctly described as Collectivists, are working hand in hand to destroy fundamentally the present economic basis of society. Syndicalists and Socialists are helping one another in their destructive policy; and it is only when the present system has been abolished that the difference between Syndicalism and Socialism begins to appear—the former setting up industrial group Socialism, the latter State parliamentary Socialism.

Several passages in Mr. Keir Hardie's speech on Sunday put the "common cause" clearly. The real danger of Syndicalism in this country is its alliance with and dependence upon the older schools of Socialism. In the same proportion as the present Collectivist Labour party in the House of Commons fails the Syndicalists will gain. The dependence of the Labour party, especially their leader, upon the Liberal Government, is driving their former supporters to support the anti-parliamentary and more revolutionary men outside the House of Commons—men to whom Syndicalism appears as the short cut to the goal of all schools and degrees of Socialists.

Syndicalism and Socialism combine to create and foster labour unrest; both have a common enemy—viz. the reconciliation of capital and labour, the union of classes and interests for mutual welfare.

My "confusion" of Syndicalism and Socialism was deliberate and intentional.

Yours truly, W. ORMSBY GORE.

THE REAL IMPORT AND IMPORTANCE OF SYNDICALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There is one point in reference to Syndicalism of the French type at least which I think is hardly sufficiently brought out in your article on Syndicalism and Socialism. It is, I believe, such a fundamental one that all the other points you enumerate appear in comparison to be rather of the nature of corollaries. The French Syndicalist takes for his motto according to his trade "La mine au mineur, l'usine à l'ouvrier, le magasin à l'employé", the ideal being the complete appropriation of the mine, the factory or the shop by and for the worker, through the total elimination and eviction of the master and the capitalist. These twentieth-century guilds propose to hasten the accomplishment of their purpose by a general fusion of the various groups of the workers. Hence the appearance of the Confédération Générale du Travail. This growth in the past has been fostered by the undoubtedly decay of the parliamentary system in France. The worker has begun in fact to despair of social regeneration by means of a parliamentary machine run by middle-class politicians or by politicians who, if they have risen from the ranks of labour, are rapidly becoming individually in their tastes and ideas more middle-class even than the middle class, whatever the nature of their occasional public utterances may be. The present attitude of Syndicalism in France to which you allude is, I am convinced, purely temporary; but the reasons for this belief are unfortunately too long to be given here.

The gravest danger of Syndicalism is its ignoring of the community. It is ready to wage war without the slightest regard for those outside its ranks. Citizenship and patriotism are unknown terms to its extreme upholders. In many ways it suggests an unconscious attempt at the formation of a new form of society, based exclusively on industrial considerations, whose scattered units if they succeed in coalescing will ultimately compel everyone to become a Syndicalist or starve. If this analysis is correct, I believe we are in for a terrible and bitter war between two rival conceptions of society, the old and the new, each of which if successful will only be able to hold the field by establishing some form of tyranny or other. The only way to avert such a bitter and blood-stained struggle is a well-thought-out scheme of social reform in Parliament,

either by the two parties in concert, or by the Unionists who still contain in their ranks a number of persons whose relations with those below them are not merely a cash nexus.

Yours faithfully,

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

HORACE ON THE CONCILIATION BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Poets' Club, Elysian Fields.

SIR,—We subscribe to your excellent weekly because we know of none better, in substance and form, to keep us in spiritual touch with the affairs of William Grocyn's country. And we are of opinion that the plot there hatched, at the present time, against the language we perfected, against Hellenic studies in general, as a means of mental discipline, must not be passively abetted by our suffering Quintus Horatius Flaccus' self-advertisement in your latest issue, to go without its needful comment. Especially so one of our oldest and most distinguished members, to whom the SATURDAY REVIEW is regularly read by the youngers and who, prevented from writing himself by his physical infirmity, has requested me to communicate with you, insisting on the fact that many of the ideas vaunted by the Venusian belong originally to us. Horace shows abundantly that he completed his education at Athens, says Homer, and when he quotes himself apropos of the defeated Conciliation Bill it should be noted that the observation dragged in from his "Carmen Sæculare" was already contained, at least implied, in

Θηλύτερα δὲ θεαὶ μένον αἰδοῖ οἴκοι ἔκαστη.

And by this remark δὲ θεαὶ μένον αἰδοῖ οἴκοι ἔκαστη intends, at the same time, to prove that the passage of his ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑΣ ΡΑΨΩΔΙΑ, in which the goddesses stay modestly at home, is not spurious as modern critics contend.

If Horace were a member of our club the proper thing would be to take him personally to task for his breach of professional decorum; but he is not, and neither can we find the address he gives, in the Elysian Directory. He seems, therefore, to reside in a place I refrain from mentioning, and we are sorry for him, though after all it serves him right for strutting about in our feathers. Let it be a warning to the brethren of our craft who, still walking on earth, try to achieve fame by borrowing from their betters without due acknowledgment.

N. B.—Homer concurs in this, namely the Latin poet's composing too much "apis Matinæ more modoque", being the true reason of his non-admittance among the blest, the naughtiness of not a few of his effusions having nothing whatever to do with his just punishment; or, as the grand old man adds rather ungenerously, I, who have the honour of addressing you, should not be here. Peevishness of decrepitude forgets too obviously the gaiety of vigorous youth, even in the episode referred to—some people's proclivity to nodding increases with age.

However this may be, I hope, Sir, that you will extend the hospitality of your columns to our claims as the fathers of thoughts, often not the less practical because poetically expressed, and arrogantly appropriated by comparative striplings in the trade.

Yours sincerely,

ANACREON.

P. S.—Menander wishes also to be remembered in connexion with the late Conciliation Bill:

"Οποιοι γυναικές εἰσι, πάντ' ἔκει κακά.

And Euripides:

Σοφῆν δὲ μισῶ· μὴ γὰρ ἐν γ' ἔμοις δόμοις
εἴη φρονοῦσα πλεῖον ἢ γυναικα χρῆ.

TRIPOLI AND THE NEAR EASTERN DANGER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 April 1912.

SIR,—If it were not that I have received letters from some of your English readers who approved of my letter in your Review, I should not think it necessary to

answer Mr. Pettinati otherwise than by the bare mention of the names of the two Paris banks who have sent money to the Italian Government, and that would have disposed of his letter. Your readers who are informed have already appreciated his contention and the value of the highest authority behind which he hides himself. Fifty millions have been sent to the Italian Treasury within the last few weeks by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas and the Paris Rothschild Bank.

I do not even care to dwell on the fact that a certain Dutch group of financiers have been tentatively approached with the view of raising a loan of 250 million francs in Brussels and Paris at the same time. There is also a question of a loan of one million to organise Tripoli—save the mark—which would be floated partly as Consols or rente, partly as a reserve loan.

The war with Turkey has already cost 120 millions to the Italian Treasury; 57 millions were paid with that Budget excess reserve of which we hear so much from the Italian Press, and 62 millions with Treasury bonds. The Italian Government pretend they have at their disposal still 500,000 million lire, partly in bonds, partly in reserve in the banks who have willingly subscribed loans, and partly in debts more or less easy to recover. I know quite well that on 31 December 1911 the Italian Government issued a balance sheet. Mr. Pettinati should find someone else than a man whose family has practically always been connected with finance to make him believe in official balance sheets. The figures, as anyone can see, only take into account the Grand Livre public debt and the rente. They have nothing whatever to do with the real and true state of the cash reserve of the Italian Treasury, as resulting from the six months' unsuccessful war against a handful of desperate Turks and Arabs.

With regard to Mr. Pettinati's denial of my version of the Zanzur déroute, I note that he says that if he were not bound to reserve, etc., he would be pleased to show, etc. I am sure it is quite as much permitted by the code of every educated person to prove something as simply to affirm it. One cannot accuse a man of saying an untruth and at the same time hide oneself behind whatever is the Italian code of every educated person. Either my version is true or it is not, but if it is not true and Mr. Pettinati can prove it, there is no doubt that no code of honour could prevent him from doing so; or, if it did, the same code would prevent him from answering at all. Having expelled every English war correspondent who showed any sense of independence, the Italians have no one to blame but themselves if such reports find their way into the English and Continental Press.

I am sure that your correspondent would find his time better utilised if he would make an inquiry, and find out who is responsible for the publication of a mendacious pamphlet obviously compiled for Italian consumption, which dwells upon Arab atrocities in Tripoli, and which the Italian Government are very shy of spreading in such an educated country as England, although they have sent it to Russia. That little pamphlet deserves a wider publicity than its authors would care to give it. Any of your readers who wish to see it can apply to the Foreign Office here, but he is not likely to obtain it from the Italian official circles.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

"THE INSTRUCTION OF FOOLS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.,

7 March 1912.

SIR,—I have been reading the SATURDAY for a good many years, reading and enjoying it all except the remarkable antagonism towards America and things American too frequently expressed in your columns; but the middle article in your issue of 20 January, headed "The Instruction of Fools", by Mr. Filson Young, out-herods everything you ever printed in that line

before. The remark of a friend of mine after having read the article is obvious—"That was evidently written by a self-instructed man"—and it was not an American who made the remark either, but a travelled Scot like myself.

But such articles are beyond a joke when dignified with the hall-mark of the SATURDAY REVIEW. That sort of talk is what (sic) is treated with contempt and resentment by the countrymen, resident abroad, of the English tourist who measures all the corn he sees with his own bushel, and makes himself very ridiculous in the process. How much keener is the chagrin of the man whose relative, friend or countryman, makes an ass or worse of himself than his who listens to a stranger or a foreigner!

Mr. Young says, hypothetically, "the Americans are a vulgar nation". In the same way it may be said the English or the French or the Germans are a vulgar nation. There are vulgar people in all nations; some of the English aristocracy may be vulgar, though the few I have met certainly were not, but why should not a Pittsburg ironmaster be as well-bred as a Burton brewer?

I think Mr. Young is guilty of a piece of unmitigated impertinence in presuming to dictate to Lord and Lady Tankerville how or where they shall or shall not educate their eldest son, the son of an American mother. But he is guilty of something much more serious than that. Such articles as his are obstacles in the way of the efforts of those of us who, loving England as they "who only England know" have no idea of, believe that the British Empire and the United States of America thoroughly allied, without any treaty of reciprocity or arbitration, could and would dictate terms of peace and equity to the rest of the world. Much is being done towards that end by such alliances (sic) as that of Lord and Lady Tankerville, and much more would be done if more of our countrymen would follow the example of their American cousins and cross the Atlantic occasionally to see what sort of people Americans and Canadians are in their homes.

I know you are no worshipper at the shrine in Printing House Square, but I command to your notice the good taste shown in the "Times Weekly Edition", which designates its news-summaries under three headings: "Home," "United States" and "Foreign", and it is good to find our good old friend "Whitaker" following that example, and to read of President Taft, General Baden-Powell, and the British Ambassador reviewing American Boy Scouts at Washington.

Yours truly,
ROBT. CATTON.

[We ought perhaps to apologise to Mr. Filson Young for printing this letter, but we should not like him to lose the amusement it will give him. Is not American humour always too good to lose? Our correspondent shows he is a born humorist by dating this apology for the Americans from Hawaii. What is the story of Hawaii? Under the rule of the Queen Liliuokalani the Hawaiians were happy and innocent, their paradise marred only by the intrusion of a few American drummers or some sort of "merchants". These gentry "rise" and depose Queen Liliuokalani. The American Democratic President—in a fit of righteousness worthy of Puritan traditions—hotly condemns this "filibustering" performance. Later, however, with the approach of an election, President Cleveland changed his mind and blessed it and stole the island. The whole story reminds one of a Republican President's manufacture of a revolution in Colombia, which resulted in Panama breaking off and agreeing to do what President Roosevelt wanted but which Colombia objected to. All this, said Secretary Hay, "was done in righteousness". Lord Tankerville's resolve to educate his son as an American instead of as an Englishman may please those who do not "only England know" but will please none who knows England. We should not differentiate between "United States" and "Foreign", for it is obviously inaccurate to do so. "Foreign" is a political term. If the American people

were purely English—which it is not—it would none the less be foreign. The idea of Mr. Bryce performing as a military reviewer is amusing.—ED. S.R.]

THE HANDEL MSS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 Great Ormond Street, 21 March, 1912.

SIR,—May I venture to correct a statement in your issue of 16 March relating to the autograph trio by Handel? No Handelian expert is likely to attach much weight to the opinions of a writer who has not learnt to distinguish between John Christopher Smith, the elder, Handel's amanuensis, and John Christopher Smith, the younger, the conductor of Handel's oratorios, and confuses both of them with Gustavus Waltz, Handel's cook; who further supposes that the Granville manuscripts formed part of the collection—now the property of the King—bequeathed by Handel to the younger Smith, and imagines that they were used by Smith in his performances of Handel's works. The general public, however, is not versed in these minutiae, and it is well, therefore, to nail to the counter—lest the value of Captain Granville's property should thereby be depreciated—the insinuation, in all probability more ignorant than malicious, that the autograph is of doubtful authenticity. Your contributor writes: "We must suppose it to be by Handel, but the script is very unlike his". It is, on the contrary, a singularly beautiful and characteristic specimen of Handel's early handwriting—as anyone who cares to compare the photograph in Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue with the autograph of the cantata "Lungi dal mio bel nome" in the British Museum, which is dated four months earlier than the Granville autograph, can see for himself—and its authenticity is beyond question.

Yours obediently,
R. A. STREATFIELD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 2 April, 1912.

SIR,—The confusion alluded to exists only in Mr. Streatfield's mind. I do not pretend to be a Handelian expert and I have not spent my life in cataloguing trash in the musical section of the British Museum; but I have written a good deal about Handel, and that Mr. Streatfield has profited by my essays is clear enough to anyone who reads his "Life of Handel", also it is clear enough that I could not make the series of bungles attributed to me. Mr. Streatfield might perhaps have allowed Captain Granville to look after his own interests. The autograph trio brought the handsome sum of £310 at the sale on 29 March, which I attended.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

JOHN REGINALD YORKE.

"εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τοῦτον μόρον : : ?"

ONE came, old friend, and told me you were dead,
and to my eyes
Rose, with a surge of sharp-sweet memories,
the tears unshed.
Never again those evenings with your store
of classic lore,
Of anecdote and genial-cynic look
on man and book.
I knew you brave, but when on those blue stars
that were your light
Her eyelids closed, I saw your shadowed years
darken to night.
That kindly, immemorial roof will stand
by Severn-shore,
But you will greet me, I shall grasp your hand
no more; no more.

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

REVIEWS.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL STILL LOOKING BACK.

"One Look Back." By the Right Hon. George Russell.
London: Wells Gardner. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

WE do not understand the title of this book, for to our knowledge its author has been looking back in print for more than ten years, always with encouraging nods from the SATURDAY REVIEW. Mr. George Russell is so interesting a combination of generally divergent views and conditions, Ritualist and Radical, man of the world and man of letters, politician and gentleman, that it is hardly possible for him to be quite uninteresting. But the reminiscences of Harrow and Oxford in this volume seem to us such as dozens of other penmen have written—or is it perchance that we have read them in Mr. George Russell's own books? There is one subject on which we heartily agree with our author, and on which we care not how often he repeats himself, the vulgar ostentation and expense imported into country-house week-ends by the German and American millionaires, who have ousted the aristocracy from the leadership of society. "People seem to have lost the power of living quietly and happily in their country homes", writes Mr. Russell. "They do not care for the country in itself; they have no eye for its beauty, no sense of its atmosphere, no memory of its traditions. It is only made endurable to them by sport, and gambling and boisterous house-parties; and when from one cause or another these resources fail, they are frankly bored and long for London. They are no longer content, as our fathers were, to entertain their friends with hospitable simplicity. So profoundly has all society been vulgarised by the worship of the Golden Calf that unless people can vie with alien millionaires in the sumptuousness with which they 'do you'—delightful phrase—they prefer not to entertain at all. An emulous ostentation has killed hospitality." Humorously enough Mr. Russell writes in another chapter, "Of these hospitalities I was a sparing and infrequent cultivator, for they always meant two sleepless nights; and, as someone truly observed, just as you had begun to wear off the corners of your soap it was time to return to London". That is a witty description of the week-end; but there is now a week-end tablet of soap, which is made to last precisely two days, if reasonably used, and whose shrinkage warns you to pack. We cannot say much in favour of Mr. Russell's parliamentary and electioneering recollections, and when he presents us with a reprint of a speech to his constituents, we leave our coat-button between his forefinger and thumb and rudely flee. There is, however, by way of amends, one extremely interesting extract from a letter of Mr. Gladstone in 1894, giving his outlook on the twentieth century. "My speculative view into the future shows me a very mixed spectacle and a doubtful atmosphere. I am thankful to have borne a part in the emancipating labours of the last sixty years; but entirely uncertain how, had I now to begin my life, I could face the very different problems of the next sixty years. Of one thing I am, and always have been, convinced—it is not by the State that man can be regenerated, and the terrible woes of this darkened world effectually dealt with. In some, and some very important, respects, I yearn for the impossible revival of the men and the ideas of my first twenty years, which immediately followed the first Reform Act." That is a return of Gladstone upon himself—as Matthew Arnold said of Burke—a return of the weary Radical leader upon his true Conservative self, as fine a thing morally, not so finely expressed, as Burke's half admission that he might have been wrong in his opposition to the ideas of the French Revolution.

We do not wish to play Gil Blas to the Archbishop of Granada, especially as Mr. Russell cannot punish us for our temerity. But will not some of Mr. Russell's friends give him a hint to beware of

"The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest"?

We should be extremely sorry if so old a favourite should ever arrive at the stage of anecdote when

" Scarce a legacy can bribe to hear".

Mr. Russell has turned his pockets inside out; there is not a sixpence left. We thank him for his generosity, but let him not be so tactless as to go on reminding us of the fact.

S. PAUL AND THE MYSTERIES.

"The Earlier Epistles of S. Paul." By **Kirsopp Lake.**
London: Rivingtons. 1911. 16s. net.

"The Religious Experience of S. Paul." By **Percy Gardner.** London: Williams and Norgate. 1911. 5s. net.

"Studies of Paul and his Gospel." By **Alfred E. Garvie.** London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 6s. net.

NEW TESTAMENT criticism is entering on a new phase. Till recently orthodox and radical critics tended, all unconsciously to themselves, to approach questions of New Testament scholarship with the pre-suppositions of the different theological camps of the nineteenth century. The student of the Gospels took for granted that our Lord must have been regarded by the Apostles either as Very God or as a merely human prophet, the student of S. Paul disputed whether the Apostle held Catholic or Protestant views of the Church and the Sacraments. Recent research has made it clear to both sides that to state the antitheses in such terms is a misleading anachronism. The problem of the interpretation of the Messianic claims of our Lord is now being studied in its relation to the background of the Apocalyptic Eschatology of the period, not in its relation to modern controversy; and similarly students of the theology of S. Paul are now asking what precisely is its relation to the so-called Mystery Religions current in the Graeco-Roman world of the time. In the two first-mentioned volumes, amid much else that is of great interest, the discussion of this problem is the outstanding feature.

It is recognised in the first instance that the Epistles of S. Paul are letters. "The difficulty", says Professor Lake, "which undoubtedly attends any attempt to understand the Epistles of S. Paul is largely due to the fact that they are letters; for the writer of a letter assumes the knowledge of a whole series of facts, which are, as he is quite aware, equally familiar to his correspondent and to himself. But as time goes on this knowledge is gradually forgotten, and what was originally quite plain becomes difficult and obscure; it has to be rediscovered from stray hints and from other documents by a process of laborious research, before it is possible for the letters to be read with anything approaching to the ease and intelligence possessed by those to whom they were originally sent. It is necessary to reconstruct the story of the motive and origin of the letters, and create a picture of the background of thought and practice against which they were set in the beginning."

But what was this background? The fact of cardinal importance in this connexion that emerges from the results of recent research is that the mental and religious atmosphere of the early converts to Christianity and of the unconverted multitudes among whom they lived was emphatically not the mental and religious atmosphere of the great Greek and Roman classical writers. The divinities whose worship was a real power among the middle and lower classes of the Empire at the beginning of the Christian era were not those of whom the poets sang and whom the great officers of state professed to venerate, but those of the Mystery Religions of Eastern origin—Isis, Mithras, Cybele and the like—"Mystery Religions", so diverse in detail, yet so similar in essentials, which held out the offer of happiness in this world and salvation in the next to all who by initiation into their sacraments joined in the risen life of a redeemer God, and thus secured a knowledge of the great secret,

which would guard the traveller when he passed hence through the gate of death on his long and dangerous journey, and bring him safely to the eternal life which he desired".

When Christianity was carried outside Palestine and its original environment of Jewish thought, certain of its features would present to the inquirer striking analogies to religions of this familiar type. "In the teaching of S. Paul as to the meaning of the death of Jesus he [the average Greek] saw every reason for equating the Lord with the Redeemer-God of the Mystery Religions, with the advantage that this Redeemer possessed an historic character which could scarcely be claimed for Attis or Mithras. Similarly in Baptism and in the Eucharist he found 'mysteries' which could immediately be equated with the other 'mysteries', offering eternal life to those who partook of them. In other words, many of the Greeks must have regarded Christianity as a superior form of 'Mystery Religion'."

Approaching from this point of view the average convert in a place like Ephesus or Corinth would inevitably emphasise those elements in Christianity which presented the closest analogy to his previous conceptions and insensibly interpret them in the light of these conceptions. That such influences have left a trace on the later Christian ritual and ceremonial has been long recognised, the more interesting question at present occupying scholars is the question whether it may not be seen already at work in the writings of S. Paul.

There have even been those who have maintained the paradox that the Eucharist was entirely the creation of S. Paul, explaining the phrase "I received of the Lord", with which in 1 Cor. xi. 23 he introduces his account of it, as if it meant "I received by revelation direct from the Lord". Professor Gardner takes occasion to note that he has abandoned the conclusions in an earlier paper urging that the rite was suggested to S. Paul by the practice at Eleusis. He now urges that it goes back to an original historic act of our Lord, intentionally symbolic, which S. Paul found already in Christian practice and has re-interpreted especially in the light of his doctrine of the indwelling Christ. It is a means of establishing a communion with Christ; and "the table of Christ" is contrasted with "the table of demons", i.e. with the idol sacrifices which were believed to establish a communion of the worshipper with the God.

Professor Gardner is more emphatic, and rightly so, in repudiating the view of Frazer and other anthropologists who connect the Christian sacrament in its original form with any survival of primitive totemism: "As Christianity spread among the only slightly civilised lower classes of the Hellenistic world, it must have come in contact with all manner of barbarous survivals. During the decay of the Roman Empire it became in many ways materialised and degraded. While at the top of Christendom we find great thinkers like Clement and Augustine, we find among the masses cults and superstitions few degrees better than the pagan customs which they displaced. So we may fairly suppose that the doctrine of the mass as received by the uncivilised classes in mediæval Europe, who frankly talked of eating God, had some connexion with very early beliefs as regards the sacrifice of communion. But we cannot place S. Paul on that level".

Dr. Garvie has little on this subject, but that little is so far in the opposite direction to the two writers already quoted that one seems to detect some relic of the older effort to prove that S. Paul held a "Protestant" view of the Sacraments. The real subject of his book is the Personality of the Apostle and his experience of Sin and Grace, subjects none the less important because for the moment they are not in the storm centre of discussion.

The questions raised above will obviously provide scholars with material for discussion for some years to come, and it is premature to attempt to pronounce a final verdict; but if only for its epigrammatic irony, it is worth while to quote Professor Lake's own summary conclusion: "The importance of these points is con-

siderable. It is impossible to pretend to ignore the fact that much of the controversy between Catholic and Protestant theologians has found its centre in the doctrine of the Eucharist, and the latter have appealed to primitive Christianity to support their views. From their point of view the appeal fails: the Catholic doctrine is much more nearly primitive than the Protestant. But the Catholic advocate in winning his case has proved still more: the type of doctrine which he defends is not only primitive, but pre-Christian. Or, to put the matter in the terms of another controversy, Christianity has not borrowed from the Mystery Religions, because it was always, at least in Europe, a Mystery Religion itself".

NIGERIA.

"*Nigeria: its Peoples and its Problems.*" By E. D. Morel. London: Smith, Elder. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.
 "The Making of Northern Nigeria." By Captain C. W. J. Orr. London: Macmillan. 1911. 8s. 6d. net.
 "On Horseback through Northern Nigeria." By J. D. Falconer. London: Fisher Unwin. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

HERE is no surer method of acquiring an interest in an unfamiliar subject than to read an account of it by a warm partisan or a keen controversialist. Once the interest is acquired, we may trust ourselves to correct any exaggeration in our first impressions by subsequent reading and subsequent talk. That is why we hope that Mr. Morel's book on Nigeria will be widely read. Those who read it will no longer pass over the name of Nigeria as negligible, when they come across it in the newspapers, in Parliament, or in conversation. But though Mr. Morel betrays over and over again his enjoyment in criticising those with whose opinions he disagrees, we think that most West Africans will recognise he is on the right side. Indeed the remarkable success of the administration of Northern Nigeria seems to have been achieved on the very lines which Mr. Morel indicates. His writing is occasionally obscure and even ungrammatical; but his aim is not primarily a literary one, and we are grateful to find a writer on West Africa with an eye for the picturesque and a power of uniting the discussion of administrative problems with a very lively presentation of native life. His book begins with pleasant sketches of his travels and impressions, and then discusses in a general and a popular way the main problems with which the British Government is concerned in the two Nigerias.

Captain Orr, on the other hand, makes no attempt to write popularly, but severely addresses himself to an audience which he assumes to have a serious interest in administration. His book is of more permanent value than Mr. Morel's, but it demands a more strenuous attitude in the reader. After a short but admirable summary of the events which led up to our occupation of Northern Nigeria, he proceeds to give an account of our administration there from 1900 to 1910. He was himself a member of the political staff, and his story puts in permanent form an essential part of the history of the British Empire. He is severely reticent as to names. Mallam Jibrella, a fanatic who gave trouble in the early days, was "captured by an officer who rode seventy miles in seventeen hours to effect it". "The officer in command of the small garrison at Wushishi" entered the town of Bida with only thirty men, and endeavoured to arrest the Emir with his own hand; "in this, however, he was unsuccessful, and, badly wounded, only escaped by the greatest good fortune". Another unnamed officer, attacked on patrol by Pagans, is casually mentioned as having been awarded the Victoria Cross. We commend Captain Orr's choice of an impersonal method appropriate to the men whose quiet unadvertised endeavours have made Northern Nigeria.

His book closes with a discussion of general problems. Here he gets on to common ground with

Mr. Morel, treating of the same subjects and often, in his more careful and restrained way, expressing the same views. It is obvious that we cannot in the near future expect Northern Nigeria to develop a large external trade either in cotton or in other products that look at present more promising. That is left for the present to Southern Nigeria. The country to the South is, as Mr. Morel says, self-sufficing, and the first effect of our occupation has been a large growth of internal trade. This does not mean that Northern Nigeria will not with patience become self-supporting; for the land revenue, organised in accordance with the native custom which reserves ownership to the State, will benefit from the increasing land values due to the railway and the *pax Britannica*. The land question is interesting. In large areas of the Protectorate land has no exchange value at all, but by the native system of taxation a portion of the produce is taken in consideration of the right of user. This artificial rent will in time give way to real or economic rent as land gradually acquires an exchange value.

Northern Nigeria has had the advantage of being the latest comer of our dependencies. We can profit there by our mistakes elsewhere, in India and Southern Nigeria, for example. As Mr. Morel says, "The field is clear: the slate clean". Our aim, therefore, has been to preserve the traditions of native life, and rule on native lines. Unless the whole policy described by Captain Orr is reversed, we shall never reproduce in Northern Nigeria that denationalised type of native whose presence in Lagos and Abeokuta Mr. Morel deplores. In accordance with this policy we have even given slavery a tacit recognition, realising that to abolish it suddenly would create a new criminal class and upset the whole fabric of native life. The English public probably does not recognise how dependent the African is by nature. The long tyranny of the strong over the weak in Africa has made the native uncomfortable so long as he is left without a protector; and we have known free men, earning considerable incomes, deliberately share their profits with a chief or village headman in order to be considered his follower and win his protection. By the law of Northern Nigeria, all children born after 1 April 1901 are free; but we may surmise that persons born of slave parents in a powerful household will continue, in fact, to behave as though they were slaves, whatever may be their status in our legal phraseology. Slavery, as we recognise it, does not mean slave-raiding; and to associate it with the evils of the history of the slave-trade is to be dominated by a mere word.

Closely related to the dependent nature of the African is the attraction for him of the Mohammedan religion. It is, like the religion of the Jews, a religion of law, prescribing definite rules and definite ceremonies in all departments of life. Under its numerous ordinances the African feels himself secure. The lack of success of the Christian missionary is therefore not surprising. There are no churches save in big centres; and the African Christian, who may have found for a time in the better type of missionary what Renan called "a living theology", goes upon his travels deprived of his old beliefs, with nothing to support him but his naturally unretentive mind. While the Mohammedan Mallams bridge the gap between Mohammedanism and Paganism by teaching that the proper protection against evil spirits is a righteous life and a belief in the true God, the Christian missionary prefers to inculcate a disbelief in their existence. The Mohammedans, in fact, follow the same wise policy as the early Christian Church, which from S. Paul onwards took advantage of local ceremonies and beliefs to promote its own doctrines. Against them are pitted a small body of men endeavouring to introduce twentieth-century Christianity into an alien land, among a people compelled, Mr. Morel thinks, by the necessities of population to be polygamous. Those, however, who wish to see West Africa a Christian country need not take too seriously the Emir of Kano's letter quoted by Mr. Morel (page 135). The views there expressed are, in our opinion, wise; and it is certain they are

genuinely held by Mohammedan Chiefs. Nevertheless, they express so exactly the prevalent official view that, although we do not for a moment hint they were not spontaneously expressed, we cannot but trace their partial origin in a gentle process of suggestion exercised unconsciously by continued intercourse with European officials.

Readers of these books will be interested in the educational experiments at Kano. Here the Mallams are allowed to teach their own religion. The natives are found clothed in their own dress, and not in a travesty of European fashions. The sons of chiefs are taught at Kano that sort of knowledge which may serve to make them effective rulers. Captain Orr points out that the position of residents in Northern Nigeria is at present anomalous. They are nominally advisers, but in fact the native rulers are often their puppets. The corrective of that anomaly will be found in the Kano schools, for residents are only waiting for more competent native rulers to confine themselves, in fact, to the limited functions which the name "resident" implies.

In all that is said by Captain Orr and Mr. Morel on the important subjects of religion and denationalisation we trace a view of imperial politics that is part and parcel of a wider movement, the movement that refuses to fit the rich variety of things into the old rigid intellectual formulæ, that sees in the concrete realities of life and our sympathetic intuition of them a surer road to truth. It is the same movement which in political philosophy has killed "the economic man" and which, in metaphysics, is leading us away from intellectual and mechanical systems to that new and stimulating spiritualism associated at present mainly with the name of Bergson.

We have left little space for Mr. Falconer's book, but probably as much as it deserves. It is a quite unreasonably monotonous account of his wanderings over Northern Nigeria from day to day. West Africa is the most humorous country in the world, but we should never suspect it from a perusal of Mr. Falconer's book. As he has missed its humour, so has he missed its mystery and fascination. The book, however, is accurate and full of information, and might be useful as a traveller's guide or as material for a much wanted dictionary of Nigeria, such as would include under alphabetical headings the information at present scattered in the books of Barth and other travellers.

EMBRYO NOVELS.

"The Room in the Tower." By E. F. Benson. London: Mills and Boon. 1912. 6s.

IN this volume of "short stories" Mr. Benson has gained exactly that kind of success which he sought, for its avowed object is to give some pleasant qualms to the reader. The hunting of the spook has of late years become a vastly scientific business. Many members of the tribe have been put to rest for ever, but those which have been captured have been treated in far more shameful manner. The caged lion is a spectacle to excite pity, but the ghost appearing by special request at a suburban séance is surely the most degraded creature in creation. No self-respecting human being could go in fear of such a mountebank. Of course, there is a kind of aristocracy still surviving among the shades, but even these have been tempted from their ancestral homes by the scientific investigator anxious to probe them and to place them under his microscope, and in the end they are shown to be harmless, if highly interesting, members of society. Such being the state to which the once terrible race has been reduced, no little credit is due to Mr. Benson for restoring to us at least something of the awe which the people of the shadowy kingdom inspired in their better days. No one who reads these tales need be ashamed to own to a certain temporary disinclination to look backwards in the dusk; rather we should be glad to welcome this feeling which gives us some of the fearful joy with which

childish nightmares began, but does not lead up to their last terrifying struggles. There is a certain vagueness in the author's method of telling a story, and it is this, we think, which accounts for his success in creating an impression of unrest. A ghostly manifestation vouched for by sober citizens and substantiated by a mass of details is a less alarming thing than an unaccountable happening in a lonely place on a dark night. Mr. Benson, by discarding most of the investigator's apparatus, has come near to the way of those who wrote before Poe had made it fashionable to work out tales of mystery with the precision needed for a problem in draughts, and since we are never asked to exercise a nice judgment, we are the less inclined to be incredulous. It is a far cry from the veiled ladies of tapestried rooms to the modern man in the motor-car, but the author has curious things to tell of both the one and the other, and time and a cloud of dust are all the accessories needed to complete the illusion.

We read in the preface, by the way, that one of the stories, "The Man who went too far", is the germ of what subsequently developed into Mr. Benson's book "The Angel of Pain", and this little notice suggests a somewhat lengthy train of thoughts. Now the perfect short story is no more a novel in embryo than a pony is a young horse. To say that the one has grown into the other is to confess to a failure somewhere. The very best of the tales of Guy de Maupassant were quite incapable of any such transformation, for every one was perfectly compact in itself and marked by its singleness of aim. Probably there are not half-a-dozen English writers of the present day of whose work one could say the same, and yet there has never been a time when the output of short stories was greater. Hundreds appear every month in the magazines for "railway reading", but, worthless as the enormous majority of them are, they almost all seem to be novels which their authors have relentlessly cut down to suit the market. It is of course something to be thankful for that they have not been allowed to reach their intended proportions, but their one common characteristic serves to show how ill the art of the French conte is understood in England. The short story which leaves one with the feeling that another word could be said has failed of its object. Nobody has ever suggested that a miniature could with advantage be enlarged into a wall-filling canvas, or that a sonnet contained the material for a lengthy poem. Many of Mr. Benson's tales have been seen before in one or other of the magazines, and in several of them there lurks the possibility of the long novel, for though they contain good ideas they do not satisfy. One suspects that they have been made up in tabloid form, and that some day they may be put into solution. New characters, new incidents, and new dialogue might be added without injury to the original, but it would have been impossible to work such a change in the structure of "Thrawn Janet", whose author learnt his art from the French.

"COME, THE RECORDERS."

"Six Lectures on the Recorder and other Flutes in Relation to Literature." By Christopher Welch. London: Frowde. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

SHOULD this book fall into the hands of one who looks upon reading as a pastime, or wishes to get information quickly and without trouble, the author hopes that, having read this sentence, he will put the volume down . . . [the lectures] are not intended to either amuse or teach, but to stimulate inquiry. . . . It was hardly necessary for the author to disclaim "graces of style", as in his first paragraph he gives us a double-barrelled split infinitive. But he does not succeed in his laudable endeavour "to stimulate inquiry" by achieving dulness: in spite of himself, he has compiled a book which, on the whole, many readers will find supremely interesting. Fully one-half of its pages might with advantage be cancelled: the analyses, for instance, of some of the Shakespeare

plays, in which "the recorder and other flutes" are mentioned, are not only irrelevant, needless, but puerile, fatuous, inept and uninformed. The explanations of Shakespeare's puns are laborious, humourless, and fairly make one writhe with their tediousness. Mr. Welch's pathetic faith in the quartos of 1604 is not in the least justified by recent investigation and criticism. He starts badly by devoting as many pages as words were necessary to exposing the errors made by old and modern writers in describing the various kinds of flutes. A single sentence would serve. If Hawkins and Burney were not clear as to the difference between a recorder and a flute or a flute and a flageolet, what does that matter to us? Wherever it was possible to make a bungle, Burney and Hawkins did it; and we regret that Mr. Welch follows the bad old plan of condemning them when he knows they are wrong and accepting them when he feels a little less sure. Not a word of either of their ponderous histories should be taken without searching examination.

Much, however, will be forgiven by those who wish to learn the truth about a very beautiful family of instruments which can never be heard nowadays. The recorder was a fipple-flute of conical bore with seven holes for the fingers and one for the thumb of the right hand; it differed mainly from what is now called "the flute" sans phrase, but only a few years ago was commonly known as the German flute, in being blown through the fipple instead of directly through the lips. The fipple is a tube which directs the air on the edged opening in the body of the instrument which corresponds to the "language" or "languid" of an organ-pipe. The question of keys or no keys is not essential: recorders were not (excepting in the largest sizes) fitted with keys; but that made no difference to the timbre; and the superiority of the recorder over the modern flute lay in its sweetness and purity of tone. Thus Pepys heard a band of recorders accompanying the descent of an angel from heaven in Gascoigne's "Jocasta" and commented thus: "The wind musique when the angel comes down is so sweet that it ravished me; and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, as I have formerly been when in love with my wife". Thenceforward the recorder was his favourite instrument; he learnt to play it himself and made his wife learn. Whether the physical effect on her was the same is not mentioned: perhaps she had never been so violently in love with Mr. Pepys.

Incidentally Mr. Welch tells us much about the music employed in the theatre of Pepys' and an earlier day. In "Jocasta" "a doleful, strange noise of violles, cythren, bandurion" is asked for as a prelude to the first act; "a very doleful noise of flutes" must sound before the second; before the third a "dolefull noise of cornettes"; before the fourth "trumpets . . . drummes and fifes", and later "still music". "Still music" was a group of recorders, "still pipes", which Mr. Welch conjectures belonged "to the equipment of a theatre". Directions to employ it are given in the text of, amongst other plays, "Two Noble Kinsmen" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream". But even in Pepys' day the recorder was doomed, and it lasted but little longer. The modern craze for noise was beginning, and the low, lovely tones of the old instrument did not penetrate with sufficient strength the ears of a generation which, had it only been aware of the fact, was already thirsting for Strauss and our other up-to-date composers. The "German flute", then named the "traversa", gradually ousted it. An intermediate stage was the Handelian, when the flute à bec, blown through a mouthpiece, was more largely used than its successor. Beauty of tone was small recommendation when compared with greater facilities of execution, and there is no doubt that the instrument we know is in that respect far superior to the earlier forms.

We are not greatly concerned with the lengthy dissertations on the syrinx and other ancient arrangements of pipes and flutes. There is far too much gaseous speculation as to the precise shapes and peculiarities of the noise-producers described more or less loosely by Greek and Latin writers; there are far too many unverifi-

able inferences from ancient statues and bas-reliefs. All the same, we are grateful to Mr. Welch for the stores of undoubted fact that he has accumulated and placed at our disposal.

PALMS AND TEMPLES.

"Twixt Sand and Sea." By Cyril Fletcher Grant and L. Grant. London: Low. 1911. 21s. net.

A GOOD many books of travel that are written nowadays, especially on the East, the Desert, and other such picturesque subjects, are obviously intended and equipped for the briefest of careers. Gaily bound and still more gaily illustrated, they dazzle for a moment and are gone. The reader who has been lured by these gaudy baits becomes naturally distrustful after a time, and any volume decorated with photographs of palms and mosques and Bedouin encampments is apt to be dropped with a promptitude suggestive of unhappy experience. The book we have now before us, however, is a proof that a serious literary treatment and the *coup d'œil* of the camera can be combined. The authors, who are able to say in their preface that they "have described no place which they did not visit, and no custom which they did not themselves observe", have travelled through Algeria and Tunisia thoroughly and deliberately, not in the American sense of having got in much sight-seeing in a given time, but in the sense rather of the student and observer who pauses again and again to investigate and ponder the meaning of what he sees. The present book is the fruit of a prolonged sojourn in the country and of the thoughts and ideas which that sojourn had aroused. But the country was not visited in order that the book might be written. There is no surer sign of intellectual interest in a traveller's work than the changes his style undergoes to suit the varying character of his subject. The present book begins with a description of Carthage. But the interest of the flat headland where Carthage was, though keen and profound, is entirely historical, and accordingly we begin with four or five chapters of Carthaginian history, written fairly and seriously, with a scholarly knowledge of classical as well as modern authorities, and yet with so much liveliness and vigour that no intelligent reader will find a page of these chapters dull. From the beginning we will turn to the end of the book, to the description of the little Saharan village of Tolga, its masses of date palms fed by the bubbling spring which the artesian process in French lands has unlocked and surrounded by the far-stretching yellow expanses of the desert. "The moon sails out from behind the clouds. As we reach the silent street again a long line of camels is winding its way in slowly, with soft padding feet, that are fashioned for the desert and not for man-made roads. Great empty boxes which have been full of dates hang upon their sides. You have to stand aside to let them pass in the narrow pathway, with outstretched necks and noses scenting the air. Beyond Tolga the great desert sleeps in mysterious silence. And to all outward appearance the little village lying upon its bosom sleeps also."

The same test may be applied throughout the book. Where the interest is intellectual and historical—as of the Roman settlements of Sbeitla, Tebessa, and elsewhere beside Carthage, still exhibiting the haughty ruins of temples and amphitheatres built in the imperial masonry—our authors know how to make the annals of the past live again. And equally, where the appeal is to the eye and to an emotional appreciation of Nature's moods, whether of stern wilderness or luxury of tropical gardens, they are able to respond with descriptions which convey to the reader the sentiment as well as the appearance of the landscape. This is perhaps the highest praise that can be given to a book of travels; for while it is true that the entire fascination of travel is derived from these two sources—the interest of past history or the sensuous appreciation of present beauty—it seldom happens that individual travellers and writers possess in an adequate degree the intellectual and emotional faculties which are necessary

to exploit these diverse resources. We happen to be familiar with a great deal of the ground covered in these pages and can testify to the quiet, unexaggerated truth of the descriptions they contain. The qualities of thoroughness of research combined with descriptive vivacity which distinguish the book should be sufficient to ensure it an honourable career.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"*Syndicalism and Labour.*" By Sir Arthur Clay, Bart. London: Murray. 1912. 7s. 6d.

Syndicalism, Sir Arthur Clay tells us, comes from France. The name perhaps, but not the movement, which is begotten of present-day labour upheavals the world over. Still, France is an excellent object lesson, and her recent labour troubles have, in a stronger degree perhaps, run a similar course to our own. In both countries there was the same Government irresolution in the early stages of the strike, and in the end the same use of the soldiers. The origin of syndicalism lies in the discontent of the ordinary wage-earner with existing conditions of life. Wages have remained stationary in face of a big rise in the cost of living. In our own country the discontent has been fomented by the violent speeches of Mr. Lloyd George against owners of land, who have been held up to obloquy as little better than public parasites. Into the turmoil jumped the Socialist leader with his doctrine of public ownership. Whether he wins or loses depends on what Sir Arthur Clay calls the common-sense of the English workman. Really the English workman is rather bewildered. It has amused and excited him to bait and to abuse the big capitalist, yet he thinks sometimes that the fable of the belly and its members is no child's story, and uneasily remembers his own little savings in cottage, savings bank, or friendly society. He paid little attention to his Union Lodge; indolent, ignorant, or not caring he let its government slip into the willing hands of those who simply made use of him as a pawn in their political game; and so the "voice of the people" interpreted at Trade Union Congresses by the syndicalists grew into something its putative authors would never recognise. In any event the course is clear. The extremists have captured the trades union machine. Their object is political and not industrial. Observers in close touch with the working world believe that the bulk of the men simply want better industrial conditions and care little about politics. Sir Arthur Clay suggests no remedy. Lectures and books with nothing else are useless. Are the middle and upper classes entirely free from blame? Have they not lost touch with the working classes?

"*A Documentary History of American Industrial Society.*" Edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen L. Sumner and John B. Andrews. Prepared under the auspices of the American Bureau of Industrial Research, with the co-operation of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. With a Preface by Richard T. Ely and Introduction by John B. Clark. In 10 Vols. Vol. X. Cleveland, Ohio: The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1911. \$50 the set.

We have here the tenth and final volume of this monumental work dealing with the genesis and final development of the various "labour movements" in the United States, that cover the period from the early years of the nineteenth century up to 1880. About one-third of this tenth volume is devoted to the organisation known as the "Knights of Labour", and to tracing the history of various "Former Organisations" in "the States", while the other two-thirds (234 pages out of the 370) contain a comprehensive "Finding List of Sources Quoted" and an admirable index (with minute cross-reference) to the entire work. We have in previous notices dealt at length on the scope, value, and, occasionally, on what seemed to us some of the shortcomings and defects of this work. We shall now only repeat what in substance we have said before—that these volumes are a veritable store-house of information touching "labour organisations", their influence on contemporary American politics and legislation, and should find a place in the library not only of every scientific student of "labour problems" in their legal and economic phases, but in the library as well of every general reader who desires to be thoroughly equipped to follow intelligently and to weigh judicially the various solutions offered us of the first problem that confronts England and America to-day.

"*Children's Singing Games.*" Edited by Alice B. Gomme and Cecil J. Sharp. Sets 3, 4 and 6. In *Novello's School Songs*, Books 227-9. London: Novello. 9d. per set.

It is a depressing proof of the rapidity of progress in education among the very young that the songs with which

children only a few years ago accompanied their games are now becoming obsolete and forgotten. They have to be dug out like fossils, collected like rare butterflies; expert musicians must needs go a-hunting them and decide which are the true traditional versions, which have been corrupted. In a generation or so the last children to receive them from tradition, and naturally, unconsciously, to chant them in piping trebles, will be grandfathers and grandmothers; and they will sing with the cracked voice of age the tunes of childhood to their grandchildren—if indeed the grandchildren are not too advanced to listen. Miss Gomme and Mr. Cecil Sharp are certainly doing an interesting work in compiling this collection: in a little while it will be studied with avidity if not by infants at any rate by adults. We find here such old-time favourites as "Nuts in May" and "Dame get up" (in Set 2), and in the sets just to hand "Looby Light", "Jenny Jones", "There stands a lady", "Hark! the robbers", "Ring a ring of roses", and many others. The localities in which the various games and tunes were trapped are given; but many of them may still be found in widely separated parts of England, with, of course, numberless variations. The descriptions of the games are admirably lucid; and Mr. Sharp's simple piano accompaniments are suitable for use in the nursery or schoolroom. One might walk for a long summer day through the streets of London without hearing children sing one of these songs or anything like them: they prefer to bawl music-hall rubbish. It is to be hoped that elementary school mistresses will not be slow to take advantage of the enthusiasm of these collectors; then once again we may listen to children singing pure, pleasant melodies at their play.

"*The Story of India.*" By J. Thornton. London: Draise. 1912. 6s

To compress the story of India from Darius to Victoria into one small volume is to attempt the impossible. Naturally the writer has confined himself to "notable events". Various inaccuracies raise some doubt whether he was fully equipped for the task. The story, so far as it goes, is clearly and simply told, and vexed questions treated in a fair and reasonable spirit.

For this Week's Books see page 438.

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EXPANDING TRADE AND INCREASED PROFITS.

The Annual Meeting of John Barker and Co., Limited, was held on Wednesday, Sir John Barker, Bart., presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. H. W. Over) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman said: Your directors are delighted to meet you here today, and for two reasons—first, the large volume of extra trade that has been done, and secondly, the largely increased profit. The figures before you show very clearly that we have again had a record year all along the line. During close upon 42 years the history of this business is one of continuous progress. Each year has been an advance on the previous year in the volume of trade done, so that it shows unbroken growth since its foundation. Its steady increase in public favour has happily been unshaken by any of the crises which periodically paralyse trade, and the stability of its position is probably without parallel in the world of commerce. In fact, the remarkable fertility of this enterprise and the regularity of its development in face of the keenest competition provide unmistakable evidence of its sound basis and careful management. The volume of trade has attained such dimensions that the gross profit reaches the large sum of £232,633, while there is an increase in the net profit of no less than £16,155. This achievement is all the more remarkable considering the character of the competition which has to be met, and it is also a genuine tribute to the growth of public confidence. The public have long since realised that, while we on our side obtain merely a small margin of profit, they on their side obtain full value. This confidence between the public and ourselves is not a thing of yesterday. It has existed since the commencement of business, and it is so tangible that in the event of any purchased article which is found to be unsatisfactory being returned in suitable condition the amount is at once refunded without demur. This has always been our practice since the commencement of the business. These are facts which more or less account for their increasing recommendation of new customers. And I need hardly remind you that recommendations are better than sensational advertising, the heavy cost of which affects the price of the article. The goodwill, which is rightly regarded as a marketable asset in an enterprise of this kind, is disposed of by the amount which is placed to the general reserve. Shareholders and Debenture-holders thus possess properties and business premises to the utmost value against their investments. As the amount of the reserve covers the goodwill of the business, instead of increasing that account your directors have pursued a policy for many years of freely writing down, making large debits for depreciation, upkeep of plant and accessories, and paying for current expenditure out of current profits. Thus one of the most notable features of the figures in your hands is the rigid writing down to what may be called the bare value and the large deductions made for depreciation. Considerable expenditure was incurred by the provision of new shop fronts, and this much-needed improvement is warmly appreciated by the large and increasing clientele whose favourite shopping centre is the Kensington High Street. No less a sum than £10,000 has been transferred to the shareholders' undivided profit account for the equalisation of dividends, and £1,000 against possible loss on investments, while we carry forward £18,000 to the credit of next account. I have much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the upper part of the premises from 62 to 72 High Street, adjoining our premises on the north side, comprising 10,540 superficial feet, for a long lease, on very favourable terms indeed. It was absolutely necessary, in order to cope with the increased trade in the furnishing section of our business, that considerable extra space should be secured in order to give greater facilities for the future expansion of the business. With reference to your property in Pontings, the trading there has likewise been very satisfactory indeed, and we found it was necessary to rebuild a large portion of these premises, and we have added three extra floors, comprising a superficial area of 10,948 feet of well-lighted and specially contracted galleries, with convenient lifts. This will give extra facilities for a large and rapidly increasing trade. In addition to the above alterations, we have made great improvements in the basements, which now provide accommodation for several departments. To sum up, it is no little satisfaction to share in an enterprise which has such a record of upward growth—it is, indeed, a pleasure to be associated with a business whose elasticity and management ensure a safe dividend of 11½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares. A higher dividend could have been declared, but your board preferred to exercise caution in view of the disturbance and unrest in the industrial world, but in my opinion, however, this will soon adjust itself, and will lead to a still more prosperous year. You need hardly be reminded that it has long been recognised in the world of finance that our management and method of conducting this business are based on the soundest principles—principles which should alone obtain where public money is employed for a public enterprise. It only remains for me to add a word of acknowledgment to those who have assisted in securing these gratifying results—to the managers and buyers and staff, who generally recognise that the best interest of the business is their interest. I have pleasure in moving: "That the reports and accounts for the year ending February 19, 1910, be received and adopted."

Mr. Ralph Millbourn seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, without discussion.

The Chairman then moved that the various dividends be paid.

Mr. R. A. Barter (a shareholder), in seconding the resolution, said that the report was a very satisfactory one.

Mr. S. M. Skinner, in moving the re-election of Sir John Barker as a director, said that Sir John needed no introduction from him as the original founder of the business upwards of 40 years ago. In asking the shareholders to re-elect Sir John Barker, he trusted that he would be spared for many years to preside over the destinies of that great trading concern as their chairman.

Mr. F. P. Forster seconded the resolution, which was carried with acclamation.

The Chairman, in reply, said he appreciated to the full the kind words which had been said concerning him. He hoped that as long as he presided at those meetings he would be able to report a still upward growth year by year. He should be very sorry to have to come before the shareholders and to talk about dulness of trade, of stagnation, and competition, but, so long as they had grit, it would be many years before that business stood still.

The auditors (Messrs. G. N. Read, Son and Co.) having been re-elected.

Mr. G. Hay Morgan moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, remarking that he had known Sir John for many years, and had been associated with him for four years in the House of Commons.

Mr. F. C. Shaw Kennedy seconded the motion, which was carried.

The Chairman having replied, the proceedings then terminated.

NEW UNIFIED MAIN REEF GOLD MINING CO., LTD.

(INCORPORATED IN THE TRANSVAAL PROVINCE OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.)

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS to be submitted to Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting called for May 29, 1912, at 12.30 p.m., in the Board Room, Consolidated Building, corner of Fox and Harrison Streets, Johannesburg.

To the Shareholders,

GENTLEMEN,

Your Directors beg to submit their Report for the twelve months ended 31st December, 1911, together with the Audited Balance Sheet, Working Expenditure and Revenue Account, and Appropriation Account for the same period, as well as the reports of your Consulting Engineer and Mine Manager.

CAPITAL.

This remains as at 31st December, 1910, namely, 270,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 20,000 are in reserve.

PROPERTY.

Your Property remains as before, and consists of:—
(a) 95 Claims, held under 103 Claim Licences.
(b) 12,392 Clans held under 14 Claim Licences.
(c) 25 Bowaarplassas.
(d) 10 Machine Stands.
(e) 3 Water-rights, Nos. 211 and 567.

(All on the Farm Paardekraal No. 42, in the Mining District of Johannesburg).

(f) The freehold of a portion of the Farm Vierfontein No. 15, known as Magic Farm, in extent 206 morgen 387 square rods.

OPERATIONS.

The fullest information in connection with the operations during the year under review will be found in the Reports of the Consulting Engineer and Mine Manager.

ACCOUNTS.—The Expenditure and Revenue may be summarised as follows:—

REVENUE.

From Gold	£185,514	2	8
From other sources	1,155	12	3
	£186,669	14	11
Add Balance from last Account	6,934	19	4

EXPENDITURE.

Working Costs and General Expenses	£133,526	5	9
Dividends	37,500	0	0
Donations	100	0	0

Contribution, Miners' Phthisis Sanatorium

Miners' Phthisis Allowances Act, 1911:			
Amount claimed and paid under the Act	132	8	3
Profits Tax	3,534	18	0
Depreciation as per Balance Sheet	7,113	11	11
	£182,029	10	2
Balance to next Account	£11,575	4	1

DIVIDENDS.—During the year Dividends, No. 6 of 5 per cent. and No. 7 of 10 per cent., amounting £37,500, were declared payable to Shareholders registered on June 30th and December 30th, 1911, respectively.

INVESTMENTS AND INTERESTS IN OTHER CONCERN.—This Account shows an increase of £1,095 10s. 0d., made up as follows:—Contribution of £1,095 10s. 0d. to the Group Native Labour Organisation, and an additional 22 Shares (12s. paid and 25s. deposit), £40 14s. 0d., taken up in the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association on re-adjustment. Against the increases above-mentioned the sum of £337 18s. 0d. was received from the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Limited, in respect of the cancellation of 1,793 Special Shares on which 6s. were paid, and 16s. from the sale of two Shares in the Witwatersrand Co-operative Smelting Works (8s. paid up).

DIRECTORS.—You will be asked to confirm the appointment of Mr. Gustav Imroth as a Director in the place of the late Mr. Harold F. Strange, and also to elect Directors in the place of Messrs. S. B. Joel and E. Danckwerts, who retire in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.

AUDITORS.—You will be asked to appoint Auditors in the place of Messrs. F. W. Bompas and John Mackilligan, who retire, but are eligible for re-appointment, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.

MANAGEMENT.—Mr. F. B. Lewis resigned the management of your property in September last, and Mr. J. E. Healey was appointed from that date.

J. MUNRO,
P. RICHARDSON,
G. IMROTH,
CHARLES MARX,
E. DANCKWERTS,
E. BRAYSHAW,

Directors.

JOHANNESBURG, February 23rd, 1912.

BALANCE SHEET at December 31st, 1911.

DR.		CR.
Authorised Capital	£270,000	0 0
To Registered Capital	£250,000	0 0
200,000 Shares of £1 each, fully paid.		
Sundry Shareholders	348	9 6
For unclaimed Fractions of Shares.		
Dividends No. 7 of 10 per cent., payable to Shareholders registered at 30th December, 1911	25,000	0 0
Uncollected Dividends	395	15 6
Sundry Creditors	5,793	18 0
Native Wages earned but not yet paid	1,411	1 8
Union Government of South Africa—Estimated amount due under Mining Taxation Act for year to 31st December, 1911	3,634	14 0
Balance—Appropriation Account	11,575	4 1
	£298,059	2 9
		£298,059 2 9

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE ACCOUNT for the Twelve Months ended December 31st, 1911.

DR.		CR.
To Mining	£59,661	3 1
Development	17,882	10 1
Hoisting	4,848	9 8
Pumping	3,873	1 4
Transport of Ore	633	1 6
Ore Sorting	3,104	12 5
Ore Crushing	1,433	7 0
Milling	11,475	15 3
Cyaniding Sand	8,247	8 7
Cyaniding Slime	3,073	12 9
General Expenses at Mine	6,286	10 4
General Expenses at Head Office and London (Including Gold Realisation Charges)	120,196	12 0
Treatment of Accumulated Slime	2,135	16 1
Working Profit for year (carried down)	51,987	16 11
	£185,514	2 8
To Balance carried to Appropriation Account	£53,143	9 2
	£53,143	9 2
	£53,143	9 2

AUDITORS' REPORT.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE NEW UNIFIED MAIN REEF G.M. CO., LTD.

We report that we have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the Company in Johannesburg for the year ended 31st December, 1911, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required as Auditors. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company in Johannesburg and the Accounts from London.

F. W. BOMPAS,
Registered Public Accountant, Transvaal.
JOHN MACKILLIGAN,
Incorporated Accountant (England).

JOHANNESBURG, February 22nd, 1912.

J. MUNRO,
G. IMROTH, } Directors.
For JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT CO. LTD., Secs.
F. BANK HALL.

Consolidated Langlaagte Mines, LIMITED.

(Incorporated in the Transvaal Province of the Union of South Africa.)

ABRIDGED REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

To be submitted to Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting called for the 29th day of May, 1912, at 11.20 a.m., in the Board Room, Consolidated Building, corner of Fox and Harrison Streets, Johannesburg.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS,
GENTLEMEN,

Your Directors beg to submit their Report for the twelve months ended 31st December, 1911, together with the audited Balance Sheet, Working Expenses and Revenue Account, and Appropriation Account for the same period, as well as the Reports of your Consulting Engineer and Mine Manager.

CAPITAL.—The Capital remains unaltered, namely:—

Authorised	£950,000	0	0
Less Shares under option until 6th November, 1913, not yet created	204,453	0	0
	745,547	0	0
Less Shares in Reserve, under option until 6th November, 1913	12,868	0	0
Issued fully paid	£732,679	0	0
1st Mortgage Debenture Stock	£250,000	0	0
Less Special Redemption, January 1910	£100,000	0	0
Less 1st Annual Redemption, January 1910	25,000	0	0
Less 2nd Annual Redemption, January 1911	25,000	0	0
	120,000	0	0
	£100,000	0	0

PROPERTY.—Your Property remains as at December 31, 1910, and consists of:—

- (a) 2 Mynpachts and a Block of Claims, equivalent in area to 343 8' Claims.
- (b) 210-0842 Claims held under 212 Claim Licences.
- (c) 3 Water rights.
- (d) An extent of ground equivalent to 30 5' Claims, held under lease for the purpose of erecting buildings, depositing sites, etc., all on the Farm Langlaagte, No. 13, in the Mining District of Johannesburg.

OPERATIONS.—In the Reports of the Consulting Engineer and Mine Manager you will obtain the fullest information in regard to the operations during the year.

With reference to the development of the Southern Section of your Property, you will notice from the Consulting Engineer's Report that the Ore Reserves as at the end of the financial year were 1,228,630 tons of an assay value of 82 dwt.

ACCOUNTS.—During the year the principal items of capital expenditure were:—

Permanent Works	£53,618	6	8
Machinery and Plant	33,419	8	1
Buildings	22,881	17	7
Development (Ore Reserves)	110,915	10	9

FINANCE.—In terms of an agreement entered into on the 6th November, 1908 (which agreement was confirmed by a Special General Meeting of Shareholders), the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, agreed to advance to this Company a sum not exceeding £250,000 for a period of five years. As consideration for this undertaking the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, was granted an option over 217,321 Shares at par for the same period. At the date of making up the accounts under review a sum of £541,000 had been borrowed against this loan, and the balance has been taken up since.

In September last the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, undertook to advance a further amount of £250,000 for the purposes of developing the Southern Section of the property and erecting new Reduction Works. It is estimated that this sum, together with the profits earned, will be sufficient for all purposes.

INVESTMENTS AND INTERESTS IN OTHER CONCERN.—Under this heading a decrease of £26,000 11s. 3d. is shown. During the year your Directors

disposed of 20,215 Preference Shares in the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company, Limited, and £12,551 2s. 4d. was written off the remainder of your holding in this concern. Sundry adjustments account for the balance.

The Shareholders and Interests now stand as under:—

Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Limited : 803 Ordinary £1 Shares (12s. paid and 38s. deposit)	£1,465	11	0
Witwatersrand Co-operative Smelting Works, Limited : 628 Shares, 8s. paid	251	4	0
Rand Mutual Assurance Company, Limited : 100 Shares of £10 each fully paid	1,000	0	0
Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company, Limited : 25,603 Preference Shares	12,801	10	0
4,000 Ordinary Shares			
Group Native Labour Organisation : Contribution on Native Complement	4,417	19	0
			£19,965 17
			0

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.—The Revenue and Expenditure may be summarised as follows:—

REVENUE:			
From Gold...	£312,089	3	0
From other sources	9,411	17	11
	£314,601	0	11
Add Balance from last year	260,714	2	1
			£575,318
			3

Working Costs and General Expenses	£229,933	12	11
Donations	150	0	0
Premium on Redeemed Debentures	780	0	0
Debenture Interest	6,000	0	0
Debenture Expenses	268	11	6
Interest on Loan...	8,452	16	2
Contribution to Miners' Pthysis	244	9	3
Sanatorium			
Miners' Pthysis Allowances Act, 1911			
—Amount claimed and paid under the Act	333	19	10
Profits Tax	4,129	6	9
Depreciation on Stores	850	0	0
Depreciation and Loss on Share Investments	12,551	2	4
Profits Appropriated	226,885	3	1
			490,547
			1
Balance to next Account...			£84,768
			1

DIRECTORS.—You will be asked to confirm the appointment of Messrs. Gustav Imroth in the place of the late Mr. Harold F. Strange, and J. H. Ryan in the place of Sir Abe Bailey, K.C.M.G., resigned, and also to elect Directors in the place of Messrs. E. Danckwerts and J. Munro, who retire in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.

AUDITORS.—You will be asked to appoint auditors in the place of Messrs. Henry Hains and Thomas Douglas, who retire, but are eligible for re-appointment, and to fix the remuneration for the past audit.

MANAGEMENT.—Under the direction of Mr. J. G. Lawn, the Consulting Engineer, Mr. A. E. Payne continues as Manager of your property.

J. MUNRO,
P. RICHARDSON,
G. IMROTH,
CHARLES MARX,
J. H. RYAN,
G. C. FITZPATRICK,
ERNST DANCKWERTS,
Directors.

Johannesburg, Feb. 23, 1912.

Balance Sheet at December 31, 1911.

Dr.	Brought forward £1,419,009	1
CONTINGENT LIABILITIES.				
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Ltd.— 8s. per Share uncalled on 803 Shares		£821	4	0
Witwatersrand Co-operative Smelting Works, Ltd.—12s. per Share uncalled on 628 Shares		376	16	0
Commitments in respect of Native Labour Organisation and Machinery, Plant, etc., on order...		110,840	10	1
		£111,538	10	1
				£1,419,009
				1

Cr.	By Property £855,793	11
Permanent Works		£156,452	12	8
Buildings		49,390	3	8
Machinery and Plant		138,659	10	5
Dams and Reservoirs		1,000	0	0
Furniture and Instruments		151	19	9
Live Stock and Vehicles		279	6	6
Development (Ore Reserves)		139,197	2	4
				455,130
				14
Native Recruiting		4,931	14	3
Stores on hand and in transit		12,457	14	2
Investments & Interests in Other Concerns		10,955	17	0
Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance		6,720	18	7
Gold in Transit		8,432	18	11
Cash on Deposit and Interest Accrued		20,021	0	1
Cash at Bankers, London Agents, and at Mine		4,264	11	9
				£1,419,009
				1

Carried forward £1,419,009 1 1

To the Shareholders,

CONSOLIDATED LANGLAAGTE MINES, LIMITED.

We report that we have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the Company in Johannesburg for the year ended 31st December, 1911, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required as Auditors. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company in Johannesburg and the Accounts from London.

THOS. DOUGLAS,
Chartered Accountant.

HENRY HAINS,
Incorporated Accountant (England).

Auditors.

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FRANK HALL.

JOHANNESBURG, February 21st, 1912.

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